





THE
LIFE *and* DEATH
OF 11763 ppp. 85
RICHARD III.

With the LANDING *of the*
EARL of RICHMOND,
AND THE
BATTLE at Bosworth-Field.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :
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M DCC XXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Edward IV.
 Edward, *Prince of Wales, afterwards* } *Sons to Ed-*
 Edward V. } *ward IV.*
 Richard, *Duke of York.*
 George, *Duke of Clarence, Brother to Edward IV.*
 Richard, *Duke of Gloucester, Brother to Edward IV. af-*
terwards King Richard III.
 Cardinal *Archbishop of York.*
 Duke of *Buckingham.*
 Duke of *Norfolk.*
 Earl of *Derby.*
 Earl of *Surrey.*
 Marquess of *Dorset, Son to the Queen.*
 Earl Rivers, *Brother to the Queen.*
 Lord Gray.
 Earl of *Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.*
 Bishop of *Ely.*
 Lord *Hastings.*
 Sir Richard Ratcliff, }
 Lord Lovel, } *Friends to the Duke of Gloucester.*
 Catesby, }
 Sir James Tyrrel, *a Villain.*
 Sir William Stanley.
 Earl of Oxford, }
 Blunt, } *Friends to the Earl of Richmond.*
 Herbert, }
 Sir Wm. Brandon. }
 Brakenbury, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
 Two Children of the *Duke of Clarence.*
 Lord Mayor.

Queen of Edward IV.
 Queen Margaret, *Widow of Henry VI.*
 Anne, *Widow of Edward Prince of Wales, Son to Hen-*
ry VI. afterwards marry'd to the Duke of Gloucester.
 Dutcheß of York, *Mother to Edward IV, Clarence, and*
Richard III.

Sheriff, Pursuivant, Citizens, *Gloster murder'd by*
Richard III. with Soldiers and attendants.

The SCENE in ENGLAND.





THE
LIFE *and* DEATH
OF
RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Richard Duke of Glo'ster, solus.



OW is the Winter of our Discontent.
Made glorious Summer by this Sun of
York:

And all the Clouds that lowr'd upon our
House,

In the deep Bosom of the Ocean bu-
ry'd.

Now are our Brows bound with Victorious Wreaths,
Our bruised Arms hung up for Monuments;
Our stern Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadful Marches to delightful Measures.
Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled Front;
And now instead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Souls of fearful Adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a Lady's Chamber,

To the lascivious pleasing of a Lute.
 But I, that am not shap'd for sportive Tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glass,
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want Love's Majesty,
 To strut before a wanton ambling Nymph:
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair Proportion,
 Cheated of Feature by dissembling Nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing World, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That Dogs bark at me, as I halt by them:
 Why I (in this weak piping time of Peace)
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to see my Shadow in the Sun,
 And descant on mine own Deformity.
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a Lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken Days,
 I am determin'd to prove a Villain,
 And hate the idle Pleasures of these Days.
 Plots have I laid, Inductions dangerous,
 By drunken Prophecies, Libels, and Dreams,
 To set my Brother *Clarence* and the King
 In deadly hate, the one against the other:
 And if King *Edward* be as True and just,
 As I am Subtle, False and Treacherous,
 This Day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd up,
 About a Prophecy, which says that G
 Of *Edward's* Heirs the Murderer shall be.
 Dive Thoughts down to my Soul, here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good Day; what means this armed Guard
 That waits upon your Grace?

Clar. His Majesty, tending my Person's safety,
 Hath appointed this Conduct to convey me to th' *Tower*.

Glo. Upon what Cause?

Cl. Because my Name is *George*.

Glo. Alack, my Lord, that Fault is none of yours:
 He should for that commit your Godfathers.
 O belike, his Majesty hath some intent,
 That you should be new Christned in the *Tower*.
 But what's the Matter, *Clarence*, may I know?

Clar. Yea *Richard*, when I know; but I protest

As

As yet I do not; but as I can learn,
He hearkens after Prophecies and Dreams,
And from the Cross-row plucks the Letter G;
And says a Wizard told him, that by G,
His Issue disinherited should be.

And for my Name of *George* begins with G,
It follows in his Thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his Highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is, when Men are rul'd by Women,
'Tis not the King that sends you to the *Tower*:
My Lady *Gray* his Wife, *Clarence*, 'tis she,
That tempts him to this harsh Extremity.
Was it not she, and that good Man of Worship,
Anthony Woodvil her Brother there,
That made him send Lord *Hastings* to the *Tower*?
From whence this Day he is delivered.
We are not safe; *Clarence*, we are not safe.

Clar. By Heaven, I think there is no Man secure
But the Queen's Kindred, and Night-walking Herald,
That trudge betwixt the King and Mistress *Shore*.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her Deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlain his Liberty.
I'll tell you what, I think it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her Men, and wear her Livery;
The jealous o'erworn Widow, and her self,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Gossips in our Monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no Man shall have private Conference,
Of what degree soever, with your Brother.

Glo. E'en so, and please your worship, *Brakenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we say:

We speak no Treason, Man — we say the King
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble Queen
Well strook in Years, fair, and not jealous,
We say, that *Shore's* Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a passing pleasing Tongue:

That the Queen's Kindred are made Gentle-folks.

How say you, Sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my Lord, my self have nought to do.

Glo. Nought to do with Mistress *Shore*?

I tell thee Fellow, he that doth nought with her,
Excepting one, were best to do it secretly alone.

Brak. What one, my Lord?

Glo. Her Husband, Knave— would'st thou betray me?

Brak. I do beseech your Grace

To pardon me, and withal forbear

Your Conferences with the noble Duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, *Brakenbury*, and will obey.

Glo. We are the Queen's Subjects, and must obey.

Brother farewell, I will unto the King,

And whatsoever you will employ me in,

Were it to call King *Edward's* Widow, Sister,

I will perform it to infranchise you.

Mean time, this deep disgrace of Brotherhood

Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your Imprisonment shall not be long,

I will deliver you, or else lye for you:

Mean time have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell. [Ex. *Brak.* *Clar.*

Glo. Go-tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return:

Simple plain *Clarence* — I do love thee so,

That I will shortly send thy Soul to Heav'n,

If Heav'n will take the Present at our Hands.

But who comes here? the new deliver'd *Hastings*?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious Lord.

Glo. As much unto my good Lord Chamberlain:

Well are you welcome to this open Air,

How hath your Lordship brook'd Imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble Lord, as Prisoners must:

But I shall live, my Lord, to give them thanks

That were the cause of my Imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,

For they that were your Enemies are his,

And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Hast. More pity, that the Eagles should be mew'd,

While Kites and Buzzards play at Liberty.

Glo.

Glo. What News abroad ?

Hast. No News so bad abroad as this at home :
The King is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his Physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now by St. *John*, that news is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an evil Diet long,
And over much consum'd his Royal Person :
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his Bed ?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit Hastings.*]

He cannot live, I hope ; and must not die,
'Till *George* be pack'd with post-horse up to Heav'n.
I'll in to urge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
Which lies well steel'd with weighty arguments,
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live :
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his Mercy,
And leave the World for me to bustle in.
For then, I'll marry *Warwick's* youngest Daughter :
What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readiest way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her Husband and her Father :
The which will I, not all so much for Love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my Horse to Market :
Clarence still breathes, *Edward* still lives and reigns,
When they are gone, then must I count my Gains.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter the Coarse of Henry the Sixth, with Halberds to guard it, Lady Anne being the Mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,
If Honour may be shrowded in a Herse,
Whilst I a-while obsequiously lament
Th' untimely fall of virtuous *Lancaster*.
Poor key-cold Figure of a holy King,

Pale Ashes of the House of *Lancaster* ;
 Thou bloodless Remnant of that Royal Blood,
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy Ghost,
 To hear the Lamentations of poor *Anne*,
 Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughtered Son,
 Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these Wounds.
 Lo, in these Windows that let forth thy Life,
 I pour the helpless Balm of my poor Eyes.
 O cursed be the Hand that made these holes !
 Cursed the Heart, that had the Heart to do it !
 Cursed the Blood, that let this Blood from hence,
 More direful hap betide that hated Wretch
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to Wolves, to Spiders, Toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives.
 If ever he have Child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural Aspect,
 May fright the hopeful Mother at the view :
 And that be Heir to his unhappiness.
 If ever he have Wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the Death of him,
 Than I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
 Come now towards *Chertsey* with your Holy Load,
 Taken from *Paul*'s to be interred there.
 And still as you are weary of this weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament King *Henry*'s Coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester.

Glo. Stay you that bear the Coarse, and set it down.

Anne. What black Magician conjures up this Fiend,
 To stop devoted charitable Deeds ?

Glo. Villains, set down the Coarse ; or by *St. Paul*,
 I'll make a Coarse of him that disobeys.

Gen. My Lord, stand back, and let the Coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd Dog,
 Stand thou when I command :

Advance thy Halbert higher than my Breast,
 Or by *St. Paul*, I'll strike thee to my Foot,
 And spurn upon thee, Beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What do you tremble ? are you all afraid ?
 Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal,
 And mortal Eyes cannot endure the Devil.

Avant,

Avant, thou dreadful Minister of Hell :
Thou hadst but power over his mortal Body,
His Soul thou canst not have ; therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet Saint, for Charity be not so curst.

Anne. Foul Devil !

For God's sake hence, and trouble us not,
For thou hast made the happy Earth thy Hell :
Fill'd it with cursing Cries, and deep Exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous Deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy Butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen ! see ! see dead *Henry's* wounds
Open their congeal'd Mouths, and bleed afresh.
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul Deformity ;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this Blood
From cold and empty Veins, where no Blood dwells.
Thy Deeds inhuman and unnatural,
Provoke this Deluge most unnatural.

O God ! which this Blood mad'st, revenge his Death :
O Earth ! which this Blood drink'st, revenge his Death :
Either Heav'n with Lightning strike the Murd'rer dead,
Or Earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick,
As thou dost swallow up this good King's Blood,
Which his Hell-govern'd Arm hath butchered.

Glo. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor Man ;
No Beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no Beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when Devils tell the truth !

Glo. More wonderful, when Angels are so angry ;
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a Woman,
Of these supposed Crimes, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit my self.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a Man,
Of these known Evils, but to give me leave
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than Tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse my self.

Anne. Fouler than Heart can think thee,
Thou canst make no excuse that will be currant,
Unless thou hang thy self.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse my self.

Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy self;
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say that I slew them not.

Anne. Then say they were not slain:
But dead they are, and, devilish Slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your Husband.

Anne. Why then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead, and slain by *Edward's* Hands.

Anne. In thy foul Throat thou ly'st,

Queen Margaret saw

Thy murd'rous Faulchion smoking in his Blood:
The which thou once didst bend against her Breast,
But that thy Brothers beat aside the Point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous Tongue,
That laid their Guilt upon my guiltless Shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody Mind,
That never dream'dst on ought but Butcheries:
Didst thou not kill this King?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, Hedge-hog?

Then God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked Deed:
O he was gentle, mild and virtuous.

Glo. The better for the King of Heav'n that hath him.

Anne. He is in Heav'n, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me that help to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than Earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but Hell,

Glo. Yes one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some Dungeon.

Glo. Your Bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill Rest betide the Chamber where thou lyest.

Glo. So will it, Madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so. But gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leave this keen encounter of our Wits,
And fall something into a slower method.
Is not the Causer of the timeless Deaths
Of these *Plantagenets*, *Henry* and *Edward*,
As blameful as the Executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the Cause, and most accurs'd effect.

Glo.

Glo. Your Beauty was the Cause of that effect :
Your Beauty that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the Death of all the World,
So I might live one Hour in your sweet Bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, Homicide,
These Nails should rend that Beauty from my Cheeks.

Glo. These Eyes could not endure that Beauty's wrack,
You should not blemish it, if I stood by ;
As all the World is cheered by the Sun,
So I by that ; it is my Day, my Life. [Life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy Day, and Death thy

Glo. Curse, not thy self, fair Creature,
Thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, Lady, of thy Husband,
Did it to help thee to a better Husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the Earth.

Glo. He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why that was he.

Glo. The self-same Name, but one of better Nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here :

[She spits at him.

Why dost thou spit at me ?

Anne. Would it were mortal Poison for thy sake.

Glo. Never came Poison from so sweet a Place.

Anne. Never hung Poison on a fouler Toad.

Out of my Sight, thou dost infect mine Eyes.

Glo. Thine Eyes, sweet Lady, have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were Basilisks to strike thee dead.

Glo. I would they were, that I may die at once :

For now they kill me with a living Death.

Those Eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt Tears ;

Sham'd their Aspects with store of childish Drops :

These Eyes, which never shed remorseful Tear,

No, when my Father York and Edward wept,

To hear the piteous Moan that Rutland made,

When

When black-fac'd *Clifford* shook his Sword at him:
 Nor when thy warlike Father, like a Child,
 Told the sad Story of my Father's Death,
 And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
 That all the Standers-by had wet their Cheeks,
 Like Trees be dash'd with Rain: In that sad Time,
 My manly Eyes did scorn an humble Tear:
 And what these Sorrows could not thence exhale,
 Thy Beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping,
 I never sued to Friend, nor Enemy;
 My Tongue could never learn sweet smoothing Words;
 But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
 My proud Heart sues, and prompts my Tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy Lip such Scorn, for it was made
 For kissing, Lady, not for such Contempt.
 If thy revengeful Heart cannot forgive,
 Lo here I lend thee this sharp-pointed Sword,
 Which, if thou please to hide in this true Breast,
 And let the Soul forth that adareth thee,
 I lay it naked to the deadly Stroke,
 And humbly beg the Death upon my Knee.

[He lays his Breast open, she offers at it with his Sword.]

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King *Henry*;
 But 'twas thy Beauty that provoked me.
 Nay, now dispatch: 'Twas I that slabb'd young *Edward*,
 But 'twas thy heav'nly Face that set me on.

[She falls the Sword.]

Take up the Sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, Dissembler, though I wish thy Death,
 I will not be thy Executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill my self, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy Rage:

Speak it again, and even with thy word,
 This Hand, which for thy love, did kill thy Love,
 Shall for thy love, kill a far truer Love;
 To both their Deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne. I would I knew thy Heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my Tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never Man was true.

Anne.

Anne. Well, well, put up your Sword.

Glo. Say then, my Peace is made.

Anne. That thou shalt know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All Men I hope live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this Ring.

Look how my Ring encompasseth thy Finger,

E'en so thy Breast incloseth my poor Heart:

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted Servant may

But beg one Favour at thy gracious Hand,

Thou dost confirm this Happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad Designs.

To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,

And presently repair to *Crosby* House:

Where, after I have solemnly interr'd

At *Chertsey* Monast'ry this noble King,

And wet his Grave with my repentant Tears,

I will with all expedient Duty see you.

For divers unknown Reasons, I beseech you,

Grant me this Boon.

Anne. With all my Heart, and much it joys me too,

To see you are become so penitent.

Traffell and *Barkley*, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:

But since you teach me how to flatter you,

Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt two with Anne.*]

Gent. Towards *Chertsey*, Noble Lord?

Glo. Now to *White-Friars*, there attend my coming.

[*Exit Coarfen.*]

Was ever Woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever Woman in this humour won?

I'll have her ——— but I will not keep her long.

What! I that kill'd her Husband and his Father!

To take her in her Heart's extremest hate,

With Curses in her Mouth, Tears in her Eyes,

The bleeding Witness of my hatred by,

Having God, her Conscience, and these Bars against me,

And I no Friends to back my suit withal,

But

But the plain Devil and dissembling Looks:
And yet to win her — All the World to nothing!
Ha!

Hath she forgot already that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I, some three Months since,
Stab'd in my angry mood at *Tewksbury*?
A sweeter and a lovelier Gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigality of Nature,
Young, Valiant, Wise, and no doubt, right Royal,
The spacious World cannot again afford,
And will she thus abase her Eyes on me,
That cropt the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,
And made her Widow to a woful Bed?
On me, whose All not equals *Edward's* Moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mishapen thus?
My Dukedom to a beggarly Denier,
I do mistake my Person all this while:
Upon my Life she finds, although I cannot,
My self to be a marv'lous proper Man.
I'll be at charges for a Looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of Tailors,
To study Fashions to adorn my Body:
Since I am crept in favour of my self,
I will maintain it with some little Cost.
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his Grave,
And then return lamenting to my Love.
Shine out, fair Sun, 'till I have bought a Glass,
That I may see my Shadow as I pass. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray.

Riv. Have patience, Madam, there is no doubt, his Majesty soon recover his accustomed Health. [Jeſty

Gray. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for God's sake entertain good Comfort,
And cheer his Grace with quick and merry Eyes.

Queen. If he were dead, what would betide on me?

Gray. No other harm, but loss of such a Lord.

Queen. The loss of such a Lord includes all harms.

Gray. The Heavens have bleſt you with a goodly Son
To be your Comforter when he is gone.

Queen. Ah! he is young, and his Minority

Is put unto the trust of *Richard Glo'ster*,
A Man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be Protector?

Queen. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here come the Lords of *Buckingham* and *Derby*.

Buck. Good time of Day unto your Royal Grace.

Derby. God make your Majesty joyful, as you have been.

Queen. The Countess *Richmond*, good my Lord of *Derby*,
To your good Prayer will scarcely say, Amen;
Yet *Derby*, notwithstanding she's your Wife,
And loves not me, be you, good Lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud Arrogance.

Derby. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious Slanders of her false Accusers:

Or if she be accus'd on true Report,
Bear with her weakness; which I think proceeds
From wayward Sickness, and no grounded Malice,

Queen. Saw you the King to Day, my Lord of *Derby*?

Derby. But now, the Duke of *Buckingham* and I
Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Queen. What likelihood of his Amendment, Lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope, his Grace speaks cheerfully.

Queen. God grant him Health; did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, Madam, he desires to make Atonement,
Between the Duke of *Glo'ster* and your Brothers,
And between them and my Lord Chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his Royal Presence.

Queen. Would all were well — but that will never be —
I fear our Happiness is at the height.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it,
Who is it that complains unto the King,

That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?

By holy *Paul*, they love his Grace but slightly,

That fill his Ears with such dissentious Rumors,

Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,

Smile in Mens Faces, smooth, deceive and cog,

Duck with *French* Nods and Apish Courtesie,

I must be held a rancorous Enemy.

Cannot a plain Man live and think no harm,

But

But thus his simple Truth must be abus'd
With filken, sly, insinuating Jacks? [Grace?

Gray. To whom in all this Presence speaks your

Glo. To thee, that hast nor Honesty nor Grace:

When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?

Or thee! or thee? or any of your Faction?

A Plague upon you all. His Royal Grace,

Whom God preserve, better than you would wish,

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,

But you must trouble him with lewd Complaints.

Queen. Brother of *Glo'ster*, you mistake the Matter:

The King on his own Royal Disposition,

And not provok'd by any Suitor else,

Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,

That in your outward Action shews it self.

Against my Children, Brothers and my Self,

Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground.

Glo. I cannot tell the World is grown so bad,

That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not perch,

Since every Jack became a Gentleman,

There's many a gentle Person, made a Jack. [*Glo'ster.*

Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother.

You envy my Advancement and my Friends:

God grant we never may have need of you.

Glo. Mean time God grants that I have need of you,

Our Brother is imprison'd by your means,

My self disgrac'd, and the Nobility

Held in Contempt, while great Promotions

Are daily given to enoble those,

That scarce, some two Days since, were worth a Noble.

Queen. By him that rais'd me to this careful height,

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,

I never did intense his Majesty

Against the Duke of *Clarence*, but have been

An earnest Advocate to plead for him.

My Lord, you do me shameful Injury,

Falsely to draw me in these vile Suspects.

Glo. You may deny, that you were not the mean

Of my Lord *Hastings'* late Imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my Lord, for —

Glo. She may, Lord *Rivers*, why who knows not so?

She may do more, Sir, than denying that:

She

She may help you to many fair Preferments,
And then deny her aiding Hand therein,
And lay those Honours on your high Desert,
What may she not? she may — ay marry may she —

Riv. What marry may she?

Glo. What marry may she? marry with a King,
A Batchelor, and a handfom Stripling too:
I wis your Grandam had a worfer match.

Queen. My Lord of *Gloster*, I have too long born
Your blunt Upbraidings, and your bitter Scoffs:
By Heav'n I will acquaint his Majesty,
Of those grofs taunts, that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a Country Servant-Maid
Than a great Queen with this Condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at;
Small joy have I in being *England's* Queen.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God I beseech him:
Thy Honour, State and Seat, is due to me.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the King?
I will avouch't in presence of the King:
I dare adventure to be sent to th' *Tower*.

'Tis time to speak,
My Pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out Devil!

I do remember them too well:
Thou kill'st my Husband *Henry* in the *Tower*,
And *Edward*, my poor Son, at *Tewksbury*.

Glo. Ere you were Queen,
Ay, or your Husband King,
I was a pack-Horse in his great Affairs;
A weeder out of his proud Adversaries,
A liberal Rewarder of his Friends;
To Royalize his Blood I spent mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better Blood,
Than his or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you and your Husband *Gray*
Were factious for the House of *Lancaster*;
And *Rivers*, so were you; was not your Husband
In *Margaret's* Battle, at Saint *Albans* slain?
Let me put in your Minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;

Withal,

Withal, what have I been, and what I am.

2. Mar. A murth'rous Villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor *Clarence* did forsake his Father *Warwick*,
Ay, and forswore himself, which *Jesu* pardon —

2. Mar. Which God revenge.

Glo. To fight on *Edward's* party for the Crown,
And for his meed, poor Lord, he is mewed up:
I would to God my Heart were Flint, like *Edward's*,
Or *Edward's* soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish, foolish for this World. [World,

2. Mar. Hie thee to Hell for shame, and leave this
Thou Cacodæmon, there thy Kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of *Glo'ster*, in those busie Days,
Which here you urge, to prove us Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Sovereign King;
So should we you, if you should be our King.

Glo. If I should be! — I had rather be a Pedlar;
Far be it from my Heart, the thought thereof.

Queen. As little Joy, my Lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this Country's King,
As little Joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.

2. Mar. A little Joy enjoys the Queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.

Hear me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me;
Which of you trembles not that looks on me?
If not that I am Queen, you bow like Subjects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebels.

Ah gentle Villain do not turn away? [Sight?

Glo. Foul wrinkl'd Witch, what mak'st thou in my

2. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wer't thou not banished on pain of Death?

2. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in Banishment
Than Death can yield me here by my abode.

A Husband and a Son thou ow'st to me, [To *Glo.*
And thou a Kingdom, all of you Allegiance; [To the *Queen.*
This Sorrow that I have by Right is yours,
And all the Pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The Curse my Noble Father laid on thee,

When

When thou didst crown his warlike Brows with Paper,
And with thy Scorns drew'st Rivers from his Eyes,
And then to dry them, gav'st the Duke a Clout,
Steep'd in the faultless Blood of pretty *Rutland*;
His Curses, then from bitterness of Soul
Denounc'd against thee, are now fall'n upon thee;
And God, not we, have plagu'd thy bloody Deed,

2. Mar. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest Deed to slay that Babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept, when it was reported.

Dors. No Man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. *Northumberland*, then present, wept to see it.

2. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the Throat,

And turn you all your hatred now on me?

Did *York's* dread Curse prevail so much with Heav'n,

That *Henry's* Death, my lovely *Edward's* Death,

Their Kingdom's Loss, my woful Banishment,

Should all but answer for that peevish Brat?

Can Curses pierce the Clouds, and enter Heav'n?

Why then give way, dull Clouds, to my quick Curses.

Though not by War, by Surfeit die your King,

As ours by Murther to make him a King.

Edward thy Son, that now is Prince of *Wales*,

For *Edward* our Son, that was Prince of *Wales*,

Die in his Youth, by like untimely Violence.

Thy self a Queen, for me that was a Queen,

Out-live thy Glory, like my wretched self:

Long mayst thou live to wail thy Childrens Death,

And see another, as I see thee now,

Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art stall'd in mine.

Long die thy happy Days, before thy Death,

And after many length'ned hours of Grief,

Die, neither Mother, Wife, nor *England's* Queen.

Rivers and *Dorset*, you were Standers-by,

And so was thou, Lord *Hastings*, when my Son

Was stabb'd with bloody Daggers; God, I pray him,

That none of you may live his natural Age,

But be by some unlook'd for Accident cut off.

Glo. Have done thy Charm, thou hateful wither'd Hag.

2. Mar. And leave out thee? Stay Dog, for thou shalt
hear me. If

If Heav'ns have any grievous Plague in store,
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 O let them keep it, 'till thy Sins be ripe,
 And then hurl down their Indignation
 On thee, thou troubler of the poor World's peace.
 The Worm of Conscience still be-gnaw thy Soul,
 Thy Friends suspect for Traitors while thou liv'st,
 And take deep Traitors for thy dearest Friends:
 No Sleep close up that deadly Eye of thine,
 Unless it be while some tormenting Dream
 Affright thee with a Hell of ugly Devils.
 Thou elvish-markt, abortive rooting Hog,
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy Nativity
 The Slave of Nature, and the Son of Hell:
 Thou slander of thy heavy Mother's Womb,
 Thou loathed Issue of thy Father's Loins,
 Thou Rag of Honour, thou detested

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard.

Glo. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

*Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think
 That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter Names.*

*Q. Mar. Why so I did, but look'd for no reply.
 Oh let me make the Period to my Curse.*

Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret. [self.

Queen. Thus have you breath'd your Curse against your

*Q. Mar. Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my Fortune,
 Why strew'st thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,
 Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?*

*Fool, Fool, thou whet'st a Knife to kill thy self:
 The day will come that thou shalt wish for me,
 To help thee curse this poysonous Bunch-back'd Toad.*

*Hast. False boading Woman, end thy frantick Curse,
 Lest to thy harm thou move our Patience.*

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you, you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your Duty.

*Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me Duty,
 Teach me to be your Queen, and you my Subjects:*

O serve me well, end teach your selves that Duty.

Dors. Dispute not with her, she is Lunatick,

*Q. Mar. Peace, Master Marquiss, you are malapert,
 Your*

Your fire-new stamp of Honour is scarce currant.

O that your young Nobility can judge

What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable.

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,

And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good Counsel marry, learn it, learn it, Marquiss.

Dorf. It touches you, my Lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high;

Our airy buildeth in the Cedar's top,

And dallies with the Wind, and scorns the Sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the Sun to Shade; alas! alas!

Witness my Son now in the Shade of Death,

Whose bright out-shining beams, thy cloudy Wrath

Hath in eternal Darkness folded up.

Your airy buildeth in our airies Nest;

O God, that seest it, do not suffer it,

As it is won with Blood, lost be it so.

Buck. Peace, peace for shame, if not for Charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither Charity nor Shame to me;

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,

And shamefully my hopes, by you, are butcher'd.

My Charity is Outrage, Life my Shame,

And in that Shame, still live my Sorrow's rage.

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O Princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy Hand,

In sign of League and Amity with thee:

Now fair befall thee and thy Noble House;

Thy Garments are not spotted with our Blood;

Nor thou within the compass of my Curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for Curses never pass

The Lips of those that breathe them in the Air.

Q. Mar. I will not think but they ascend the Sky,

And there awake God's gentle sleeping Peace.

O Buckingham, take care of yonder Dog;

Look when he fawns he bites; and when he

His venom Tooth will rankle to the Death;

Have not to do with him, beware of him,

Sin, Death, and Hell have set their marks on him,

And all their Ministers attend on his.

Glo. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious Lord.

Q. Mar. What dost thou scorn me for my gentle
Counsel? And

And sooth the Devil that I warn thee from ?
 O but remember this another Day ;
 When he shall split thy very Heart with Sorrow ;
 And say poor *Margaret* was a Prophetess.
 Live each of you the Subject to his hate,
 And he to yours, and all of you to God's.

[Exit.]

Buck. Mine Hair doth stand an end to hear her Curses.

Riv. And so doth mine: I muse why she's at Liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's Holy Mother,
 She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
 My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Dorset. I never did her any to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
 I was too hot, to do some Body good,
 That is too cold in thinking of it now:
 Marry, as for *Clarence*, he is well repay'd;
 He is frank'd up to fasting for his pains,
 God pardon them that are the Cause thereof.

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
 To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd.
 For had I curst now, I had curst my self.

[Aside.]

Enter Catesby.

Catesby. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,
 And for your Grace, and yours, my gracious Lord.

Queen. *Catesby*, I come; Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. We wait upon your Grace.

[Exeunt all but Gloucester.]

Glo. I do thee wrong, and first begin to brawl.
 The secret Mischief that I set a broach,
 I lay unto the grievous Charge of others.
Clarence, whom I indeed have cast in Darknes,
 I do beweepe to many simple Gulls,
 Namely to *Derby*, *Hastings*, *Buckingham*;
 And tell them. 'tis the Queen and her Allies
 That stir the King against the Duke my Brother.
 Now they believe it, and withal whet me
 To be reveng'd on *Rivers*, *Dorset*, *Gray*.
 But then I ligh, and with a piece of Scripture,
 Tell them that God bids us do good for evil:
 And thus I clothe my naked Villany
 With odd old Ends, stoln forth of Holy Writ,

And

And seem a *Saint*, when most I play the *Devil*.

Enter two Villains.

But soft, here come my Executioners :
How now my hardy stout resolved Mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

1 Vil. We are, my Lord, and come to have the warrant
That we may be admitted, where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me :
When you have done, repair to *Crosby Place*.

But, Sirs, be sudden in the Execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For *Clarence* is well-spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your Hearts to pity, if you mark him.

Vil. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our Hands, and not our Tongues.

Glo. Your Eyes drop Mill-stones, when Fools Eyes fall
Tears.

I like you, Lads; about your business straight.

Go, go, dispatch.

Vil. We will, my noble Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.

Keep. Why looks your Grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O I have past a miserable Night,
So full of fearful Dreams of ugly Sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful Man,
I would not spend another such a Night,
Though 'twere to buy a World of happy Days :
So full of dismal Terror was the time. [me.]

Keep. What was your Dream, my Lord, I pray you tell

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to *Burgundy*,
And in my Company my Brother *Gloster*,
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the Hatches. There we look'd toward *England*,
And cited up a thousand heavy Times,
During the Wars of *York* and *Lancaster*,
That had befall'n us. As he pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Methought that *Gloster* stumbled, and in falling

Struck

Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling Billows of the Main.

O Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!

What dreadful Noise of Waters in my Ears!

What fights of ugly Death within mine Eyes!

Methought, I saw a thousand fearful Wracks!

A thousand Men that Fishes gnaw'd upon:

Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heaps of Pearl,

Inestimable Stones, unvalued Jewels,

All scatter'd in the bottom of the Sea:

Some lay in dead Mens Skulls, and in the holes

Where Eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,

As 'twere in scorn of Eyes, reflecting Gems,

That woo'd the slimy bottom of the Deep,

And mock'd the dead Bones that lay scatter'd by.

Keep. Had you such leisure in the time of Death,
To gaze upon the Secrets of the Deep?

Clar. Methought I had, and often did I strive
To yield the Ghost; but still the envious Flood
Stopt in my Soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandring Air;
But smother'd it within my panting Bulk,
Who almost burst to belch it in the Sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this sore Agony?

Clar. No, no, my Dream was lengthen'd after Life.
O then began the Tempest to my Soul:
I past, methought, the melancholy Flood.
With that four Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Unto the Kingdom of perpetual Night.
The first that there did greet my Stranger-soul,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned *Warwick*,
Who spake aloud — What Scourge for Perjury
Can this dark Monarchy afford false *Clarence*?
And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadow like an Angel, with bright Hair
Dabbled in Blood, and he shriek'd out aloud —
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd *Clarence*,
That stabb'd me in the Field by *Tewksbury*;
Seize on him, Furies, take him unto Torment —
With that, methought, a Legion of foul Fiends
Invirion'd me, and howled in mine Ears
Such hideous Cries, that with the very Noise,

I, trembling, wak'd; and for a Season after
Could not believe but that I was in Hell:
Such terrible Impression made my Dream.

Keep. No marvel, Lord, tho' it affrighted you
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I have done these things,
That now give evidence against my Soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me,
O God! if my deep Prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my Misdeeds,
Yet execute thy Wrath on me alone:
O spare my guiltless Wife, and my poor Children;
Keeper, I' prythee sat by me a while,
My Soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Keep. I will, my Lord, God give your Grace good rest.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Brak. Sorrow breaks Seasons and reposing Hours,
Makes the Night Morning, and the Noon-tide Night:
Princes have but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honour, for an inward Toil;
And for unselt Imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless Cares:
So that between their Titles and low Name,
There's nothing differs but the outward Fame.

Enter two Villains.

1 Vil. Ho, who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, Fellow? And how cam'st
thou hither?

2 Vil. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither
on my Legs.

Brak. What, so brief?

1 Vil. 'Tis better, Sir, than to be tedious:
Let him see our Commission, and talk no more.

Brak. I am in this commanded, to deliver [Reads.
The noble Duke of Clarence to your Hands.
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless from the meaning.
There lies the Duke asleep, and there the Keys.
I'll to the King, and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge. [Exit.

1 Vil. You may, Sir, 'tis a point of Wisdom:
Fare you well.

2 *Vil.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Vil.* No; he'll say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Vil.* Why he shall never wake, until the great Judgment Day.

1 *Vil.* Why then he'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Vil.* The urging of that word Judgment, hath bred a kind of Remorse in me.

1 *Vil.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Vil.* Not to kill him, having a Warrant.
But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.

1 *Vil.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Vil.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Vil.* I'll back to the Duke of *Gloster*, and tell him so.

2 *Vil.* Nay, pr'ythee stay a little:

I hope this passionate Humour of mine will change;
It was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 *Vil.* How dost thou feel thy self now?

2 *Vil.* Some certain dregs of Conscience are yet within me.

1 *Vil.* Remember the Reward, when the Deed's done.

2 *Vil.* Come he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

1 *Vil.* Where's thy Conscience now?

2 *Vil.* O, in the Duke of *Gloster*'s Purse.

1 *Vil.* When he opens his Purse to give us our Reward,
thy Conscience flies out.

2 *Vil.* 'Tis no matter, let it go; there's few or none will
entertain it.

1 *Vil.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Vil.* I'll not meddle with it, it makes a Man a Coward:
A Man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a Man cannot
swear, but it checks him; a Man cannot lie with his
Neighbour's Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing
shame-fac'd Spirit, that mutinies in a Man's Bosom: It
fills a Man full of Obstacles. It made me once restore a
Purse of Gold, that, by chance, I found. It beggars any
Man that keeps it. It is turn'd out of Towns and Cities
for a dangerous thing, and every Man that means to live
well, endeavours to trust himself, and live without it.

1 *Vil.* 'Tis even now at my Elbow, persuading me not
to kill the Duke.

2 *Vil.* Take the Devil in thy mind, and believe him not
He would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 *Vil.*

1 *Vil.* I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Vil.* Spokelike a tall Man, that respects thy Reputation.
Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Vil.* Take him on the Costard, with the Hilt of thy
Sword, and then throw him into the Malmsy-butt in the
next Room.

2 *Vil.* O excellent Device, and make a Sop of him.

1 *Vil.* Soft, he wakes.

2 *Vil.* Strike.

1 *Vil.* No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, Keeper? Give me a Cup of Wine.

2 *Vil.* You shall have Wine enough, my Lord, anon.

Clar. In God's Name what art thou?

1 *Vil.* A Man, as you are.

Clar. But not as I am, Royal.

1 *Vil.* Nor you as we are, Loyal.

Clar. Thy Voice is thunder, but thy Looks are humble.

1 *Vil.* My Voice is now the King's, my Looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak?

Your Eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2 *Vil.* To, to, to ———

Clar. To Murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the Hearts to tell me so!

And therefore cannot have the Hearts to do it,

Wherein, my Friends, have I offended you?

1 *Vil.* Offended us you have not, but the King.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Vil.* Never, my Lord, therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you drawn forth among a World of Men,

To slay the innocent? What's my Offence?

Where is the Evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful Quest have given their Verdict up

Unto the frowning Judge? Or who pronounc'd

The bitter Sentence of poor *Clarence's* Death?

Before I be convict by course of Law,

To threaten me with Death, is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope for any goodness,

That you depart, and lay no Hands on me:

The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Vil.* What we will do, we do upon command!

2 *Vil.* And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Clar. Erroneous Vassals, the great King of Kings
Hath in the Table of his Law commanded,
That Thou shalt do no Murder; Will you then
Spurn at his Edict, and fulfil a Man's?
Take heed, for he holds Vengeance in his Hand
To hurl upon their Heads that break his Law.

2 *Vil.* And that same Vengeance doth he hurl on thee
For false forswearing, and for Murder too:
Thou didst receive the Sacrament, to fight
In quartel of the House of *Lancaster*.

1 *Vil.* And like a Traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dst the Bowels of thy Sovereign's Son.

2 *Vil.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Vil.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful Law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such high degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For *Edward*, for my Brother, for his sake.
He sends you not to murder me for this:
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O know you yet, he doth it publickly,
Take not the quarrel from his powerful Arm:
He needs no indirect, or lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Vil.* Who made thee then a bloody Minister,
When gallant springing brave *Plantagenet*,
That Princely Novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My Brother's Love, the Devil, and my Rage:

1 *Vil.* Thy Brother's Love, our Duty, and thy Faults,
Proveke us hither now, to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my Brother, hate not me:
I am his Brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my Brother *Gloster*:
Who shall reward you better for my Life,
Then *Edward* will for tidings of my Death.

2 *Vil.* You are deceiv'd, your Brother *Gloster* hates you.

Clar. Oh no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

1 *Vil.* Ay, so we will.

Clar.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely Father York,
Blest his three Sons with his victorious Arm,
He little thought of this divided Friendship:
Bid *Gloster* think on this, and he will weep.

1 Vil. Ay, Millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 Vil. Right, as Snow in Harvest:

Come, you deceive your self,

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune,
And hugg'd me in his Arms, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my Delivery.

1 Vil. Why so he doth, when he delivers you
From this Earth's thralldom, to the Joys of Heav'n.

2 Vil. Make peace with God, for you must die, my Lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your Souls,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own Souls so blind,
That you will war with God, by murdering me?
O Sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 Vil. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your Souls:
Which of you, if you were a Prince's Son,
Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two such Murderers as your selves came to you,
Would not intreat for Life, as you would beg
Were you in my distress.

1 Vil. Relent? no; 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.
My Friend, I spy some pity in thy looks:
O, if thine Eye be not a Flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreat for me,
A begging Prince what Beggar pities not?

2 Vil. Look behind you, my Lord.

1 Vil. Take that, and that; if all this will not do,

I'll drown you in the Malmsey Butt within. *[Stabs him.]*

2 Vil. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatcht: *[Exit.]*
How fain, like *Pilate*, would I wash my Hands
Of this most grievous Murder.

Enter first Villain.

1 *Vil.* How now? what mean'st thou that thou help'st me not?

By Heav'n, the Duke shall know how slack you've been.

2 *Vil.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his Brother:
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slain. [Exit.]

1 *Vil.* So do not I; go Coward as thou art.
Well, I'll go hide the Body in some hole,
'Till that the Duke give order for his Burial:
And when I have my Meed, I will a way;
For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Flourish. Enter King Edward sick, the Queen, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby, Buckingham, and Woodvil.

K. Edw. **W**H Y so; now have I done a good day's work.
You Peers continue this united League:

I every Day expect an Embassage
From my Redeemer, to redeem me hence.
And more in peace my Soul shall part to Heav'n,
Since I have made my Friends at peace on Earth;
Hastings and *Rivers*, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your Hatred, swear your Love.

Riv. By Heav'n, my Soul is purg'd from grudging Hate,
And with my Hand I seal my true Heart's Love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before the King,
Lest he, that is the supreme King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falshood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect Love.

Riv. And I, as I love *Hastings* with my Heart.

K. Edw. Madam, your self is not exempt from this;
Nor you, Son *Dorset*, *Buckingham* nor you;
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love Lord *Hastings*, let him kiss your Hand,
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Queen.

Queen. These *Hastings*, I will never more remember
Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine.

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him : *Hastings*, love Lord Mar-
quiss.

Dorf. This interchange of Love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

K. Edw. Now Princely *Buckingham*, seal thou this League
With thy embracements to my Wife's Allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. When ever *Buckingham* doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, but with all duteous Love, [*To the Queen.*
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love;
When I have most need to imploy a Friend,
And most assured that he is a Friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile;
Be he unto me, this do I beg of Heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you or yours.

[*Embracing Rivers, &c.*

K. Edw. A pleasing Cordial, Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy Vow unto my sickly Heart,
There wanteth now our Brother *Glo'ster* here,
To make the blessed Period of this Peace.

Buck. And in good time,
Here comes Sir *Richard Ratcliff*, and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliff and Gloucester.

Glo. Good morrow to my Sovereign King and Queen
And Princely Peers, a happy time of day.

K. Edw. Happy indeed, as we have spent the day:
Glo'ster, we have done deeds of Charity,
Made Peace of Enmity, fair Love of Hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed Peers.

Glo. A blessed Labour, my most Sovereign Lord:
Among this Princely heap, if any here
By false Intelligence, or wrong Surmise
Hold me a Foe; If I unwillingly, or in my Rage,
Have ought committed that is hardly born,
To any in this Presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his Friendly Peace:
'Tis Death to me to be at Enmity;
I leave it, and desire all good Mens love.

First, Madam, I intreat true peace of you,
 Which I will purchase with my duteous Service.
 Of you my noble Cousin *Buckingham*,
 If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us,
 Of you, and you, Lord *River*, and of *Dorset*,
 That all without desert have frown'd on me:
 Of you Lord *Woodvil*, and Lord *Scales* of you,
 Dukes, Earls, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all,
 I do not know that *Englishman* alive,
 With whom my Soul is any jot at odds,
 More than the Infant that is born to night;
 I thank my God for my Humility.

Queen. A Holy day shall this be kept hereafter;
 I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
 My Sovereign Lord, I do beseech your Highness
 To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.

Glo. Why, Madam, have I offer'd Love for this,
 To be so flouted in this Royal Presence?
 Who knows not that the gentle Duke is dead?

[They all start.]

You do him injury to scorn his Coarse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead?
 Who knows he is?

Queen. All-seeing Heav'n, what a World is this?

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord *Dorset*, as the rest?

Dorset. Ay, my good Lord; and no Man in the presence
 But his red Colour hath forsook his Cheeks.

K. Edw. Is *Clarence* dead? the Order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor Man, by your first Order died,
 And that a winged *Mercury* did bear:

Some tardy Cripple bare the Countermand,
 That came to lag to see him buried.

God grant, that some less Noble, and less Loyal,
 Nearer in bloody Thoughts, and not in Blood,
 Deserve no worse than wretched *Clarence* did,
 And yet go currant from suspicion.

Enter Earl of Derby.

Derby. A boon, my Sovereign, for my Service done.

K. Edw. I prythee peace, my Soul is full of Sorrow.

Derby. I will not rise unless your Highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou requestst.

Derby. The forfeit, Sovereign, of my Servant's Life,

Who

Who slew to day a riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a Tongue to doom my Brother's Death?
And shall that Tongue give pardon to a Slave?
My Brother kill'd no Man, his Fault was Thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter Death.
Who sued to me for him? Who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my Feet; and bid me be advis'd?
Who spoke of Brotherhood? who spoke in love?
Who told me, how the poor Soul did forsake
The mighty *Warwick*, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the Field at *Tewksbury*,
When *Oxford* had me down, he rescu'd me?
And said, dear Brother live and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his Garments, and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb cold Night?
All this from my Remembrance, brutish wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a Man of you
Had so much Grace to put it in my Mind.
But when your Carters, or your waiting Vassals
Have done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your Knees for Pardon, Pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.
But for my Brother, not a Man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, spake unto my self
For him, poor Soul. The proudest of you all,
Have been beholding to him in his Life:
Yet none of you, would once beg for his Life.
O God! I fear thy Justice will take hold
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come *Hastings* help me to my Closet.

Ah poor *Clarence*! [*Exeunt some with the King and Queen.*]

Glor. This is the fruits of Rashness: Mark'd you not,
How that the kindred of the Queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of *Clarence*' Death?
O! they did urge it still unto the King.
God will revenge it. Come, Lords, will you go,
To comfort *Edward* with our Company?

Buck. We wait upon your Grace.

B. 5,

[*Exeunt.*]
SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter the Dutchess of York, with the two Children of Clarence.

Son. Good Grandam tell us, is our Father dead?

Dutch. No, Boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your Breast?
And cry, O *Clarence!* my unhappy Son!

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your Head,
And call us Orphans, Wretches, Castaways,
If that our Noble Father were alive?

Dutch. My pretty Cousins, you mistake me both,
I do lament the Sickness of the King,
As loth to lose him, not your Father's Death;
It were lost Sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my Grandam, he is dead:
The King mine Uncle is to blame for it.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With earnest Prayers, all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

[well.

Dutch. Peace, Children, peace; the King doth love you
Incappable and shallow Innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your Father's Death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good Uncle *Gloster*
Told me, the King, provok'd to it by the Queen,
Devis'd Impeachments to imprison him;
And when my Uncle told me so, he wept,
And pried me, and kindly kist my Cheek;
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would love me dearly as a Child.

Dutch. Ah! that Deceit should steal such gentle Shape,
And with a virtuous Vizard hide deep Vice.
He is my Son, ay, and therein my Shame,
Yet from my Dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my Uncle did dissemble, Grandam?

Dutch. Ay, Boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark, what noise is this?

*Enter the Queen with her Hair about her Ears, Rivers
and Dorset after her.*

Queen. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my self?

I'll join with black Despair against my Soul,
And to my self become an Enemy —

Dutch. What means this Scene of rude Impatience?

Queen. To make an act of Tragick Violence.

Edward, my Lord, thy Son, our King is dead.

Why grow the Branches when the Root is gone?

Why wither not the Leaves that want their Sap?

If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;

That our swift winged Souls may catch the King's,

Or like obedient Subjects follow him,

To his new Kingdom of ne'er changing Night.

Dutch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy Sorrow;

As I had Title to thy Noble Husband;

I have bewept a worthy Husband's Death;

And liv'd with looking on his Images;

But now two Mirrors of his Princely semblance

Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant Death,

And I for comfort have but one false Glas,

That grieves me when I see my Shame in him:

Thou art a Widow, yet thou art a Mother,

And hast the comfort of thy Children left;

But Death hath snatch'd my Husband from mine Arms,

And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble Hands,

Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,

(Thine being but a moiety of my moan):

To over-go thy Woes, and drown thy Cries:

Son. Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Father's Death;

How can we aid you with our Kindred Tears?

Daugh. Our Fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,

You Widow dolour likewise be unwept.

Queen. Give me no help in Lamentation,

I am not barren to bring forth Complaints:

All Springs reduce their currents to mine Eyes;

That I being govern'd by the warty Moon,

May send forth plenteous Tears to drown the World.

Ah, for my Husband — for my dear Lord *Edward* —

Chil. Ah, for our Father, for our dear Lord *Clarence*.

Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, *Edward* and *Clarence*.

Queen. What stay had I, but *Edward*? and he's gone.

Chil. what stay had we, but *Clarence*? and he's gone.

Dutch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Queen. Was never Widow had so dear a Loss.

Chil.

Chil. Were never Orphans had so dear a Loss.

Dutch. Was never Mother had so dear a Loss.

Alas! I am the Mother of these Griefs,
Their Woes are parcel'd, mine is general.
She for an *Edward* weeps, and so do I;
I for a *Clarence* weep, so doth not she;
These Babes for *Clarence* weep, so do not they.
Alas! you three, on me threefold distressed
Pour all your Tears, I am your Sorrows Nurse,
And I will pamper it with Lamentation.

Dors. Comfort, dear Mother; God is much displeas'd;
That you take with unthankfulness his doing.
In common worldly Things 'tis call'd ungrateful,
With dull unwillingness to repay a Debt.
Which with a bounteous Hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus opposite with Heav'n,
For it requires the Royal Debt it lent you.

Rivers. Madam, bethink you like a careful Mother
Of the young Prince your Son; send straight for him,
Let him be crown'd, in him your comfort lives.
Drown desperate Sorrow in dead *Edward's* Grave,
And plant your joys in living *Edward's* Throne.

Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Derby, Hastings and Ratcliff.

Glo. Sister, have comfort, all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining Star:
But none can help our Harms by wailing them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you Mercy,
I did not see your Grace. Humbly on my Knee
I crave your Blessing.

Dutch. God bless thee, and put Meekness in thy Breast;
Love, Charity, Obedience, and true Duty,

Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old Man,
That is the butt end of a Mother's Blessing;
I marvel that her Grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy Princes, and heart-sorrowing Peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of Moan,
Now cheer each other in each others Love;
Though we have spent our Harvest of this King,
We are to reap the Harvest of his Son.
The broken rancour of your high-swoln hates,
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,

Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd and kept:
Me seemeth good, that with some little Train,
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young Prince be set;
Hither to *London*, to be crown'd our King.

Riv. Why with some little Train,
My Lord of *Buckingham*?

Buck. Marry, my Lord, lest, by a Multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of Malice should break out,
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the Estate is green, and yet un govern'd.
Where every Horse bears his commanding Rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my Opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the King made Peace with all of us,
And the Compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me, and so, I think, in all,
Yet since it is but green it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much Company might be urg'd;
Therefore I say, with Noble *Buckingham*,
That it is meet so few should fetch the Prince.

Hess. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so, and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to *London*.
Madam, and you my Sister, will you go,
To give your Censures in this Business?

[*Exeunt.*]

[*March Buckingham and Gloucester.*]

Buck. My Lord, whoever journies to the Prince,
For God's sake let not us two stay at home;
For by the way, I'll fort occasion,
As Index to the Story we lately talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud Kindred from the Prince.

Glo. My other self, my Counsel's Consistory,
My Oracle, my Prophet, my dear Cousin,
I, as a Child, will go by thy direction.

Toward *London* then, for we'll not stay behind. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter one Citizen at one Door, and another at the other.

1. *Cit.* Good-morrow, Neighbour, whither away so fast?

2. *Cit.* I promise you I hardly know my self:

Hear:

Hear you the News abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes, the King is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill News by'r Lady, seldom comes the better:
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy World.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed.

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, Sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the News hold of good King *Edward's* Death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, it is too true, God help the while.

3 *Cit.* Then Masters look to see a troublous World.

1 *Cit.* No, no, by God's good Grace, his Son shall Reign.

3 *Cit.* Wo to that Land that's govern'd by a Child.

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of Government:

Which in his Non-age, Counsel under him,

And in his full and ripened Years, himself

No doubt shall then, and 'till then govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the State when *Henry* the Sixth
Was crown'd in *Paris*, but at nine Months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the State so? No, no, good Friends, God wot;
For then this Land was famously enrich'd
With politick grave Counsel; then the King
Had virtuous Uncles to protect his Grace.

1 *Cit.* Why so hath this, both by his Father and Mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his Father;

Or by his Father there were none at all:

For Emulation, who shall now be nearest,

Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

O full of danger is the Duke of *Glo'ster*,

And the Queen's Sons, and Brothers, haughty and proud:

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,

This sickly Land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When Clouds are seen, wise Men put on their Cloaks;
When great Leaves fall, then Winter is at hand;
When the Sun sets, who doth not look for Night?
Untimely Storms make Men expect a Dearth:

All may be well; but if God sort it so,

'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly the Hearts of Men are full of fear:

You cannot reason, almost, with a Man

That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of Change, still is it so;

By a divine instinct Mens Minds mistrust
Pursuing Danger; as by proof we see
The Water swell before a boist'rous Storm;
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry we were sent for to the Justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I, I'll bear you Company. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York, the Queen, and the Dutchess.

Arch. Last Night I heard they lay at *Stony-Stratford*;
And at *Northampton* they do rest to Night;
To morrow or next day they will be here.

Dutch. I long with all my Heart to see the Prince;
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Queen. But I hear no, they say my Son of York
Has almost overtaken him in his growth.

York. Ay, Mother, but I would not have it so.

Dutch. Why, my good Cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one Night as we did sit at Supper,
My Uncle *Rivers* talk'd how I did grow
More than my Brother. Ay, quoth my Uncle *Gloster*,
Small Herbs have Grace, great Weeds do grow apacu.
And since, methinks I would not grow so fast;
Because sweet Flowers are slow, and Weeds make haste.

Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee.

He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That if his Rule were true, he should be gracious.

York. And so no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.

Dutch. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt:

York. Now by my troth, if I had been remembred;
I could have given my Uncle's Grace a flout
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Dutch. How, my young York?

I prithee let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my Uncle grew so fast;
That he could gnaw a Crust at two Hours old;
'Twas full two Years ere I could get a Tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting Jest.

Dutch.

Dutch. I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his Nurse.

Dutch. His Nurse! why she was dead ere thou wast born.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Queen. A parlous Boy — Go to, you are too shrewd.

Dutch. Good Madam, be not angry with a Child.

Queen. Pitchers have Ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a Messenger: What News?

Mes. Such News, my Lord, as grieves me to report.

Queen. How doth the Prince?

Mes. Well, Madam, and in Health.

Dutch. What is thy News?

Mes. Lord Rivers, and Lord Grey,
Are sent to *Pomfret*, and with them
Sir Thomas Vaughan, Prisoners.

Dutch. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The Mighty Dukes, *Gloster* and *Buckingham*.

Arch. For what Offence?

Mes. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious Lord.

Queen. Ah me! I see the ruin of my House;
The Tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle Hind.
Insulting Tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless Throne;
Welcome Destruction, Blood and Massacre,
I see, as in a Map, the end of all.

Dutch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling Days;
How many of you have mine Eyes beheld;
My Husband lost his Life to get the Crown,
And often up and down my Sons were tost;
For me to joy and weep, their gain and loss.
And being seated, and Domestick broils
Clean over blown, themselves, the Conquerors;
Make War upon themselves, Brother to Brother,
Blood to Blood, self against self: O prepos'trous
And frantick Outrage! end thy damned Spleen,
Or let me die, to look on Earth no more.

Queen. Come, come, my Boy, we will to Sanctuary;
Madam, farewell.

Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.

Queen.

Queen. You have no cause.

born.

wd.

Arch. My gracious Lady, go,
And thither bear your Treasure and your Goods,
For my Part, I'll resign unto your Grace
The Seal I keep, and so betide it me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, I'll conduct you to the Sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Trumpets sound. Enter Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Gloucester and Buckingham, Archbishop, with others.

Buck. **W**elcome sweet Prince to London,
To your Chamber.

Glo. Welcome dear Cousin, my thoughts Sovereign,
The weary way hath made you Melancholy.

Prince. No, Uncle, but our crosses on the Way
Have made it tedious, wearisom and heavy.
I want more Uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet Prince, the untainted Virtue of your Years
Hath not yet divid into the World's deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a Man,
Than of his outward shew, which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the Heart.
Those Uncles which you want were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their sugar'd Words,
But look'd not on the poison of their Hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false Friends.

Prince. God keep me from false Friends,
But they were none.

Glo. My Lord, tho Mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Mayor.

Mayor. God bless your Grace with Health and Happy Days.

Prince. I thank you, good my Lord, and thank you all:
I thought my Mother, and my Brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way.
Fy, what a slug is *Hastings*, that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come or no.

Enter

*Enter Lord Hastings.**Buck.* And in good time, here comes the sweating Lord.*Prince.* Welcome, my Lord; what, will our Mother come?*Hast.* On what Occasion God he knows, not I,
The Queen your Mother, and your Brother *York*,
Have taken Sanctuary; the tender Prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce withheld.*Buck.* Fy, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of *York*
Unto his princely Brother presently?
If she deny, Lord *Hastings*, you go with him,
And from her jealous Arms pluck him perforce.*Arch.* My Lord of *Buckingham*, if my weak Oratory
Can from his Mother win the Duke of *York*,
Anon expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild Intreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy Privilege
Of blessed Sanctuary; not for all this Land
Would I be guilty of so great Sin.*Buck.* You are too senseless obstinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional.
Weigh it but with the grossness of this Age,
You break not Sanctuary, in seizing him;
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the Place,
And those who have the wit to claim the Place:
This Prince hath never claim'd it, nor deserv'd it,
Therefore, in mine Opinion, cannot have it.
Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no Privilege nor Charter there:
Oft have I heard of Sanctuary Men,
But Sanctuary Children, ne'er 'till now.*Arch.* My Lord, you shall o'er-rule my Mind for once.
Come on, Lord *Hastings*, will you go with me?*Hast.* I go, my Lord. [*Exeunt Archbishop and Hastings.*]*Prince.* Good Lords, make all the speedy haste you may.
Say, Uncle *Glo'ster*, if our Brother come,
Where shall we sojourn 'till our Coronation?*Glo.* Where it seems best unto your Royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two

Your

Your Highness shall repose you at the *Tower*:
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best Health and Recreation.

Prince. I do not like the *Tower* of any Place;
Did *Julius Caesar* build that Place, my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that Place,
Which since, succeeding Ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it upon Record? or else reported
Successively from Age to Age he built it?

Buck. Upon Record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not Register'd,
Methinks the Truth should live from Age to Age,
As 'twere retail'd to all Posterity,
Even to the general ending Day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say do never live long.

Prince. What say you, Uncle?

Glo. I say, without Characters Fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity, [*Aside.*
I moralize two meanings in one Word.

Prince. That *Julius Caesar* was a famous Man;
With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,
His Wit set down to make his Valour live:
Death makes no Conquest of his Conqueror;
For now he lives in Fame, though not in Life,
I'll tell you what, my Cousin *Buckingham*.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince. And if I live until I be a Man,
I'll win our ancient Right in *France* again,
Or die a Soldier, as I liv'd a King.

Glo. Short Summers lightly have a forward Spring.

Enter York, Hastings, and Archbishop.

Buck. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of *York*.

Prince. *Richard* of *York*, how fares our Noble Brother?

York. Well, my dear Lord, so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, Brother, to our Grief, as it is yours;
Too late he died that might have kept that Title,
Which by his Death hath lost much Majesty.

Glo. How fares our Cousin, Noble Lord of *York*?

York. I thank you, gentle Uncle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle Weeds are fast in growth:
The Prince my Brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.

York.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my fair Cousin I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholden to you than I.

Glo. He may command me as my Sovereign,
But you have power in me, as in a Kinsman.

York. I pray you Uncle, give me this Dagger.

Glo. My Dagger, little Cousin? with all my Heart.

Prince. A Beggar, Brother?

York. Of my kind Uncle, that I know will give,
And being a Toy it is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater Gift than that I'll give my Cousin.

York. A greater Gift? O, that's the Sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then I see you will part but with light Gift,
In weightier things you'll say a Beggar Nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my Weapon, little Lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you, as you call me,

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my Brother mocks both you and me,
Because that I am little, like an Ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your Shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp provided Wit he reasons:
To mitigate the Scorn he gives his Uncle,
He prettily and aptly raunts himself,
So cunning and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My Lord, wilt please you pass along?
My self, and my good Cousin *Buchingham*,
Will to your Mother, to intreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my Lord?

Prince. My Lord Protector will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my Uncle *Clarence*' angry Ghost:
My Grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no Uncles dead.

Glo.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. And if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my Lord, and with a heavy Heart;
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings and Dorset.*]

Manent Gloucester, Buckingham and Catesby.

Buck. Think you, my Lord, this little prating *York*
Was not incensed by his subtle Mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a parlous Boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He is all the Mother's, from top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest: Come hither, *Catesby*,
Thou art sworn, as deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our Reasons urg'd upon the Way,
What think'st thou? is it not an easy Matter
To make *William* Lord *Hastings* of our Mind,
For the Instalment of this Noble Duke,
In the Seat Royal of this famous Isle?

Cates. He for his Father's sake so loves the Prince,
That he will not be won to ought against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of *Stanley*? Will not he?

Cates. He will do all in all as *Hastings* doth.

Buck. Well then, no more than this:
Go, gentle *Catesby*, and as it were far off
Sound thou Lord *Hastings*,

How he doth stand affected to our Purpose,
And summon him to Morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the Coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our Reasons:

If he be leader, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too, and so break off the Talk,
And give us notice of his Inclination:

For we to Morrow hold divided Councils,
Wherein thy self shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to Lord *William*; tell him, *Catesby*,
His ancient Knot of dangerous Adversaries
To morrow are let Blood at *Pomfret* Castle,
And bid my Lord, for joy of this good News,
Give Mistress *Sho* one gentle Kiss the more.

Buck.

Buck. Good *Catesby*, go, effect this Business soundly.

Catesb. My good Lord's both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, *Catesby*, ere we sleep?

Catesb. You shall, my Lord.

Glo. At *Crosby House* there you shall find us both.

Buck. Now, my Lord.

[*Exit Catesby.*]

What shall we do, if we perceive

Lord *Hastings* will not yield to our Complots?

Glo. Chop off his Head:

Something we will determine:

And look when I am King, claim thou of me
The Earldom of *Hereford*, and all the Moveables
Whereof the King my Brother was posselt.

Buck. I'll elaim that promise at your Grace's Hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards

We may digest our Complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter a Messenger to the Door of Hastings.

Mes. My Lord, my Lord.

Hast. Who knocks?

Mes. One from the Lord *Stanley*.

Hast. What is't a Clock?

Mes. Upon the stroak of four.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my Lord *Stanley* sleep these tedious Nights?

Mes. So it appears by what I have to say:

First, he commends him to your noble Self.

Hast. What then?

Mes. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night
He dreamt the Boar had ras'd off his Helm:
Besides, he says there are two Councils kept;
And that may be determined at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.
Therefore he sends to know your Lordship's pleasure,
If you will presently take Horse with him,
And with all speed post with him towards the North,
To shun the danger that his Soul divines.

Hast. Go Fellow, go, return unto thy Lord,
Bid him not fear the separated Council:

His

His Honour and my self are at the one,
 And at the other is my good Friend *Catesby*;
 Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
 Whereof I shall not have Intelligence;
 Tell him his Fears are shallow without instance;
 And for his Dreams, I wonder he's so simple
 To trust the mock'ry of unquiet Slumbers.
 To fly the Boar, before the Boar pursues,
 Were to incense the Boar to follow us,
 And make pursuit where he did mean to chase.
 Go, bid thy Master rise and come to me,
 And we will both together to the Tower;
 Where he shall see the Boar will use us kindly.

Meſ. I'll go, my Lord, and tell him what you say. [*Exit.*]

Enter Catesby.

Cateſ. Many good-morrows to my noble Lord.

Haſt. Good-morrow, *Catesby*, you are early stirring:
 What News, what News in this our tott'ring State?

Cateſ. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord;
 And I believe will never stand upright,
 'Till *Richard* wear the Garland of the Realm.

Haſt. How! wear the Garland?
 Dost thou mean the Crown?

Cateſ. Ay, my good Lord.

Haſt. I'll have this Crown of mine cut from my Shoulders;
 Before I'll see the Crown so foul misplac'd;
 But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cateſ. Ay, on my Life, and hopes to find you forward
 Upon his Party, for the gain thereof;
 And thereupon he sends you this good News,
 That this same very Day our Enemies,
 The Kindred of the Queen, must die at *Pomfret*.

Haſt. Indeed I am no mourner for that News,
 Because they have been still my Adversaries;
 But that I'll give my Voice on *Richard's* Side,
 To bar my Master's Heirs in true Descent,
 God knows I will not do it to the Death.

Cateſ. God keep your Lordship in that gracious Mind.

Haſt. But I shall laugh at this a Twelve-month hence,
 That they which brought me in my Master's Hate,
 I live to look upon their Tragedy.
 Well *Catesby*, ere a Fortnight make me older,

48 *The Life and Death*

I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious Lord,
When Men are unprepared and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so it falls out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Gray; and so 'twill do
With some Men else, that think themselves as safe
As thou and I, who as thou know'st, are dear
To Princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Cates. The Princes both make high account of you —
For they account his Head upon the Bridge. [*Aside.*

Hast. I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Bear-spear, Man?
Fear you the Boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My Lord good-morrow, good-morrow, *Catesby*;
You may jest on, but by the holy Rood;
I do not like these several Councils, I.

Hast. My Lord, I hold my Life as dear as yours,
And never in my Days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 'tis now;
Think you but that I know our State secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The Lords at *Pomfret*, when they rode from *London*
Were jocund, and suppos'd their States were sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
But yet you see how soon the Day o'er-cast,
This sudden stab of Rancor, I misdoubt,
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless Coward.
What, shall we toward the *Tower*? the Day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you:
Wot he what, my Lord,
To day, the Lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their Truth, might better wear their Heads,
Than some that have accus'd them wear their Hats.
But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good Fellow.

[*Exit Lord Stanley and Catesby.*
Hew now, Sirrah? how goes the World with thee?

Purs. The better that your Lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee Man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me: last where now we meet;

Then

Then was I going Prisoner to the *Tower*,
By the Suggestion of the Queen's Allies.
But now I tell thee, keep it to thy self,
This Day those Enemies are put to Death,
And I in better State than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it to your Honour's good Content.

Hast. Gramercy Fellow; there drink that for me.

[*Throws him his Purse.*]

Purs. I thank your Honour. [*Exit Pursuivant.*]

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to see your Honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir *John*, with all my Heart,
I am in your debt for your last Exercise:

Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Priest. I'll wait upon your Lordship.

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlain?
Your Friends at *Pomfret*, they do need the Priest,
Your Honour hath no thriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy Man,
The Men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the *Tower*?

Buck. I do, my Lord, but long I cannot stay there:
I shall return before your Lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I'll stay Dinner there.

Buck. And Supper too, altho' thou know'st it not. [*Aside.*]
Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your Lordship. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with Halberds, carrying the
Nobles to Death at Pomfret.*

Riv. Sir *Richard Ratcliff*, let me tell thee this,
To day shalt thou behold a Subject die
For Truth, for Duty, and for Loyalty.

Gray. God bless the Prince from all the pack of you,
A Knot you are of damned Blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live that shall cry wo for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch, the limit of your Lives is out.

Riv. O *Pomfret*, *Pomfret*! O thou bloody Prison!
Fatal and ominous to Noble Peers.

C

Within

Within the guilty closure of thy Walls
Richard the Second here was hackt to Death:
 And for more slander to thy dismal Seat,
 We give to thee our guiltless Blood to drink.

Gray. Now *Margaret's* Curse is fa'n upon our Heads,
 When she exclaim'd on *Hastings*, you and I,
 For standing by, when *Richard* stab'd her Son.

Riv. Then curs'd she *Richard*,
 Then curs'd she *Buckingham*,
 Then curs'd she *Hastings*. O remember God
 To hear her Prayer for them, as now for us:
 As for my Sister and her Princely Sons,
 Be satisfy'd, dear God, with our true Blood,
 Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste, the hour of Death is now expir'd.

Riv. Come *Gray*, come *Vaughan*, let us here embrace;
 Farewel, until we meet again in Heaven. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

Enter Buckingham, Derby, Hastings, Bishop of Ely, Norfolk, Ratcliff, Lovel, with others, at a Table.

Hast. Now Noble Peers, the cause why we are met
 Is to determine of the Coronation:

In God's Name speak, when is the Royal Day?

Buck. Are all things ready for the Royal time?

Derby. They are, and want but Nomination.

Ely. To Morrow then I judge a happy Day.

Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's Mind herein?
 Who is most inward with the Noble Duke?

Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his
 Mind.

Buck. We know each others Faces; for our Hearts,
 He knows no more of mine than I of yours,
 Or I of his, my Lord, than you of mine:
 Lord *Hastings*, you and he are near in Love.

Hast. I thank his Grace, I know he loves me well:
 But for his purpose in the Coronation,
 I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
 His gracious pleasure any way therein:
 But you, my Honourable Lord, may name the time,
 And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my Voice,
 Which I presume he'll take in gentle part.

Enter

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himself.

Glo. My Noble Lords and Cousins all, good morrow;
I have been a long sleeper; but I trust
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your Cue, my Lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,
I mean your Voice for crowning of the King.

Glo. Than my Lord *Hastings* no Man might be bolder,
His Lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My Lord of *Ely*, when I was last in *Holbourn*,
I saw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry and will, my Lord, with all my Heart.

[*Exit Ely.*

Glo. Cousin of *Buckingham*, a word with you.
Catesby hath sounded *Hastings* in our Business,
And finds the testy Gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his Head ere give consent
His Master's Child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the Royalty of *England's* Throne.

Buck. Withdraw your self a while, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt.*

Derby. We have not yet set down this Day of Triumph:
To Morrow, in my Judgment, is too sudden,
For I my self am not so well provided,
As else I would be were the Day prolong'd.

Enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of *Gloucester*?
I have sent for these Strawberries.

[*ing.*

Hast. His Grace looks chearfully and smooth this Morn-
There's some Conceit or other likes him well
When that he bids Good-morrow with such Spirit.
I think there's never a Man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his Love or Hate than he,
For by his Face straight shall you know his Heart.

Derby. What of his Heart perceive you in his Face,
By any livelihood he shew'd to Day?

Hast. Marry that with no Man here he is offended:
For were he, he had shewn it in his Looks.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my Death with devilish Plots
Of damped Witchcraft, and that have prevailed
Upon my Body, with their hellish Charms.

Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me most forward in this Princely presence,
To doom th' Offenders, whosoe'er they be:
I say, my Lord, they have deserved Death.

Glo. Then be your Eyes the witness of their Evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine Arm
Is like a blasted Sapling wither'd up:
And this is *Edward's* Wife, that monstrous Witch
Consorted with that Harlot, Strumpet *Shore*,
That by their Witchcraft thus have mark'd me.

Hast. If they have done this Deed, my Noble Lord —

Glo. If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of Ifs? thou art a Traitor —
Off with his Head — now by Saint *Paul* I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel and *Ratcliff*, look that it be done:

The rest that love me, rise and follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

Manent Lovel and Ratcliff, with the Lord Hastings.

Hast. Wo, wo for *England*, not a whit for me,
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream the Boar did rase our Helms,
And I did scorn it, and disdain to fly;
Three times to day my Foot-cloth Horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the *Tower*,
As loth to bear me to the Slaughter-house.

O now I need the Priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the Pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcher'd,
And I my self secure in Grace and Favour.
Oh *Margaret*, *Margaret*, now thy heavy Curse
Is lighted on poor *Hastings'* wretched Head. [*rec.*]

Rat. Come, come, dispatch; the Duke would be at Din-
Make a short Shrift, he longs to see your Head.

Hast. O momentary Grace of mortal Men,
Which we more hunt for, than the Grace of God!
Who builds his hope in Air of your good Looks,

Lives

Lives like a drunken Sailor on a Mast,
Ready with ev'ry nod to tumble down
Into the fatal Bowels of the Deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. Oh bloody *Richard*, miserable *England*,
I prophesie the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched Age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the Block, bear him my Head:
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham in rusty Armour,
marvellous ill-favour'd.

Glo. Come Cousin,
Can'st thou quake and change thy colour,
Murder thy Breath in the middle of a Word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with Terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a Straw:
Intending deep Suspicion, ghastly Looks
Are at my Service, like enforced Smiles:
And both are ready in their Offices,
At any time, to grace my Stratagems:
But what, is *Catesby* gone?

Glo. He is, and see he brings the Mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Mayor ———

Glo. Look to the Draw-bridge there:

Buck. Hark, a Drum.

Glo. *Catesby*, o'erlook the Walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent —

Glo. Look back, defend there, here are Enemies.

Buck. God and our Innocency defend and guard us.

Enter Lovel and Ratcliff with Hastings's Head.

Glo. Be patient, they are Friends; *Ratcliff* and *Lovel*.

Lov. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected *Hastings*.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the Man that I must weep:
I took him for the plainest harmless Creature
That breath'd upon the Earth, a Christian:
Made him my Book, wherein my Soul recorded
The History of all her secret Thoughts;

So smooth he daub'd his Vice with shew of Virtue,
That his apparent open Guilt omitted,
I mean his Conversation with *Shore's* Wife,
He liv'd from all attainder of suspects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd Traitor
That ever liv'd.

Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Wer't not, that by great preservation
We live to tell it, that the subtle Traitor
This Day had plotted, in the Council-house,
To murder me and my good Lord of *Gloster*.

Mayor. Had he done so?

Glo. What! think you we are *Turks* or Infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of Law,
Proceed thus rashly in the Villain's Death,
But that the extream peril of the Case,
The Peace of *England*, and our Persons Safety
Enforc'd us to this Execution.

Mayor. Now fair befall you, he deserv'd his death,
And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false Traitors from the like Attempts.

Buck. I never look'd for better at his Hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress *Shore*:
Yet had we not determin'd he should die
Until your Lordship came to see his end,
Which now the loving haste of these our Friends,
Something against our meanings hath prevented;
Because, my Lord, I would have had you heard
The Traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his Treasons:
That you might well have signify'd the same
Unto the Citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him, and wail his Death.

[serve,

Mayor. But, my good Lord, your Grace's Words shall
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous Citizens,
With all your just Proceedings in this Case,

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your Lordship here,
To avoid the Censures of the carping World.

Buck. Which since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend:

And

And so, my good Lord Mayor, we bid farewell. [*Ex. Mayor.*

Glo. Go after, after, Cousin Buckingham.

The Mayor towards *Guild-Hall* hies him in all post :

There, at your meereſt vantage of the time,

Infer the Baſtardy of *Edward's* Children,

Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,

Only for ſaying he would make his Son

Heir to the Crown, meaning indeed his Houſe,

Which by the Sign thereof was termed ſo.

Moreover, urge his hateful Luxury,

And beſtial appetite in change of Luſt,

Which ſtretch'd unto their Servants, Daughters, Wives,

E'en where his raging Eye, or ſavage Heart,

Without control, luſted to make a Prey.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my Perſon:

Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child

Of that inſatiate *Edward*, Noble *York*,

My Princely Father then had Wars in *France*;

And by true Computation of the Time,

Found that the Iſſue was not his begot :

Which well appeared in his Lineaments,

Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father :

Yet touch this ſparingly as 'twere far off,

Be cauſe, my Lord, you know my Mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, I'll play the Orator

As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,

Were for my ſelf; and ſo, my Lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to *Baynard's Caſtle*,

Where you ſhall find me, well accompanied

With reverend Fathers, and well learned Biſhops.

Buck. I go, and towards three or four a Clock

Look for the News that the *Guild-Hall* affords.

[*Exit Buckingham.*

Glo. Go, *Lowel*, with all ſpeed to Doctor *Shaw*,

Go thou to Friar *Beuker*, bid them both [*To Ratcliff.*

Meet me within this hour at *Baynard's Caſtle.* [*Exeunt.*

Now will I go to take ſome privy Order

To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of fight,

And to give order, that no manner of Perſon

Have any time-recourſe unto the Princes.

[*Exit.*

Enter a Scriuener.

Scriv. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord *Hastings*,

Which in a set Hand fairly is engross'd,
 That it may be to Day read o'er in *Paul's*.
 And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
 Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
 For yesternight by *Catesby* was it sent me,
 The Precedent was full as long a doing,
 And yet within these five hours *Hastings* liv'd,
 Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
 Here's a good World the while; who is so gross
 That cannot see this palpable Device?
 Yet who so bold, but says, he sees it not?
 Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
 When such ill dealing must be seen in thought. *[Exit.]*

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham at several Doors.

Glo. How now, how now, what say the Citizens?

Buck. Now you the holy Mother of our Lord,
 The Citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd by the Bastardy of *Edward's* Children?

Buck. I did, with his Contract with Lady *Lucy*,
 And his Contract by Deputy in *France*,
 Th' unsatiate greediness of his Desire,
 And his enforcement of the City Wives,
 His Tyranny for Trifles, his own Bastardy,
 As being got, your Father then in *France*,
 And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.
 Withal, I did infer your Lineaments,
 Being the right Idea of your Father,
 Both in your Form and Nobleness of Mind:
 Laid open all your Victories in *Scotland*,
 Your Discipline in War, Wisdom in Peace,
 Your Bounty, Virtue, fair Humility:
 Indeed left nothing fitting for your Purpose
 Untoucht, or slightly handled in Discourse.
 And when my Oratory grew toward end,
 I bid them that did love their Country's good,
 Cry, God save *Richard*, *England's* Royal King.

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a Word,
 But like dumb Statues or unbreathing Stones,
 Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
 And ask'd the Mayor, what meant this wilful silence?

His

His answer was, the People were not us'd
To be spoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my Tale again :
Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some Followers of mine own,
At lower end of the Hall, hurl'd up their Caps,
And some ten Voices cry'd, God save King *Richard* :
And thus I took the vantage of those few.
Thanks, gentle Citizens and Friends, quoth I,
This general Applause, and chearful Shout,
Argues your Wildom, and your love to *Richard* :
And even here brake off and came away.

Glo. What Tongue-less Blocks were they,
Would they not speak?
Will not the Mayor then and his Brethren come?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand; intend some fear,
Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit;
And look you get a Prayer-Book in your Hand,
And stand between two Churchmen, good my Lord,
For on that ground I'll make a holy Descant:
And be not easily won to our Requests,
Play the Maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go : And if you plead as well for them,
As I can say nay for thee to my self,
No doubt we bring it to a happy Issue. [*Exit Glo.*]

Buck. Go, gou up to the Leads, the Lord Mayor knocks.

Enter Lord Mayor and Citizens.

Welcome my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I think the Duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. Now *Catesby*, what says your Lord to my Request?

Cates. He doth intreat your Grace, my noble Lord,
To visit him to Morrow, or next Day;
He is within, with two right Reverend Fathers,
Divinely bent to Meditation,
And in no worldly Suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy Exercise.

Buck. Return, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke.
Tell him, my self, the Mayor and Aldermen,
In deep Designs, in matter of great Moment,
No less importing than our general Good,

Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Cates. I'll signifie so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*

Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*,
He is not lulling on a lewd Love-Bed,
But on his Knees at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of *Curtezans*,
But meditating with two deep *Divines*:
Not sleeping, to engross his idle Body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful *Sou'l*.
Happy were *England*, would this virtuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Sovereignty thereof,
But sure I fear we shall not win him to it.

Mayor. Marry, God defend, his Grace should say us nay.

Buck. I fear he will; here *Catesby* comes again.

Enter Catesby.

Now *Catesby*, what says his Grace?

Cates. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such Troops of Citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my Lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble Cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By Heav'n, we come to him in perfect Love,
And so once more return, and tell his Grace. [*Exit Cates.*
When holy and devout Religious Men
Are at their Beads, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Gloucester above, between two Bishops.

Mayor. See where his Grace stands 'twixt two Clergymen.

Buck. Two Props of Virtue, for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of Vanity:
And see a Book of Prayer in his Hand,
'True Ornaments to know a holy Man,
Famous *Plantagenet*, most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable Ear to our requests,
And pardon us the interruption.

Of thy Devotion and right Christian Zeal.

Glo. My Lord, there needs no such Apology:
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earnest in the Service of God,
Deferr'd the Visitation of my Friends.
But leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure?

Buck.

Buck. E'en that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good Men, of this ungovern'd Isle.

Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the City's Eye,
And that you come to reprehend my Ignorance.

Buck. You have, my Lord.
Would it might please your Grace,
On our intreaties to amend your Fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land.

Buck. Know then, it is your Fault that you resign
The Supream Seat, the Throne Majestical,
The Sceptred Office of your Ancestors,
Your State of Fortune, and your due of Birth,
The Lineal Glory of your Royal House,
To the corruption of a blemish'd Stock;
Whiles in the mildness of your sleepy Thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Country's good,
The noble Isle doth want his proper Limbs:
His Face defac'd by skars of Infamy,
His Royal Stock graft with ignoble Plants,
And almost shouldred in the swallowing Gulf
Of dark Forgetfulness, and deep Oblivion.
Which to re-cure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly Government of this your Land:
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
Or lowly Factor, for another's gain;
But as successively, from Blood to Blood,
Your right of Birth, your Empiry, your own.
For this, consorted with the Citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving Friends,
And by their vehement Instigation,
In this just Cause come I to move your Grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
For not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue ty'd Ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the Golden Yoak of Sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me.
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful Love to me,

Then

Then on the other side I check'd my Friends,
 Therefore to speak, and to avoid the first,
 And then in speaking not to incur the last,
 Definitely thus I answer you.
 Your Love deserves my thanks, but my desert
 Unmeritable; shuns your high request.
 First, if all Obstacles were cut away,
 And that my Path were even to the Crown,
 As the ripe Revenue, and due of Birth;
 Yet so much is my poverty of Spirit,
 So mighty, and so many my Defects,
 That I would rather hide me from my Greatness,
 Being a Bark to brook no mighty Sea;
 Than in my Greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the Vapour of my Glory smother'd.
 But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
 And much I need to help you, were there need:
 The Royal Tree hath left us Royal Fruit,
 Which mellow'd by the stealing Hours of time,
 Will well become the Seat of Majesty,
 And make us, no doubt, happy by his Reign.
 On him I lay that, you would lay on me,
 The Right and Fortune of his happy Stars,
 Which God defend that I should wring from him.

Buck. My Lord, this argues Conscience in your Grace,
 But the respects thereof are nice, and trivial;
 All Circumstances well consider'd.
 You say, that *Edward* is your Brother's Son,
 So say we too, but not by *Edward's* Wife;
 For first was he contract to Lady *Lucy*.
 Your Mother lives a Witness to his Vow,
 And afterward by Substitute betroth'd
 To *Bona*, Sister to the King of *France*.
 These both put off, a poor Petitioner,
 A Care-craz'd Mother to a many Sons,
 A Beauty-waning, and distressed Widow,
 E'en in the Afternoon of her best Days,
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton Eye,
 Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his Degree,
 To base Declension, and loath'd Bigamy.
 By her in his unlawful Bed, he got
 This *Edward*, whom our Manners call the Prince.

More

More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Save that for reverence of some alive,
 I give a sparing limit to my Tongue.
 Then, good my Lord, take to your Royal Self
 This proffer'd benefit of Dignity :
 If not, to bless us, and the Land withal,
 Yet to draw forth your noble Ancestry
 From the corruption of abusing times,
 Unto a Lineal true derived Course.

Mayor. Do, good my Lord, your Citizens intreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty Lord, this proffer'd Love.

Cates. O make them joyful, grant their lawful Suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap this Care on me ;

I am unfit for State, and Majesty :

I do beseech you take it not amiss,

I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, as in love and zeal,
 Loath to depose the Child your Brother's Son,
 As well we know your Tenderneſs of Heart,
 And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
 Which we have noted in you to your Kindred;
 And equally indeed to all Estates :

Yet know, where you accept our Suit, or no,
 Your Brother's Son shall never reign our King,
 But we will plant some other in the Throne.

To the disgrace and down-fall of your House :

And in this resolution here we leave you.

Come Citizens, we will intreat no more.

[*Exeunt.*]

Cates. Call him again, sweet Prince, accept their Suit :

If you deny them, all the Land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a World of Cares ?

Call them again, I am not made of Stones,

But penetrable to your kind Intreaties,

Albeit against my Conscience and my Soul :

Enter Buckingham and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave Men,

Since you will buckle Fortune on my Back,

To bear her Burthen, whether I will or no,

I must have patience to endure the Load :

But if black Scandal, or foul-fac'd Reproach,

Attend the sequel of your Imposition,

Your meer enforcement shall acquittance me

From

From all the impure blots and stains thereof,
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

Mayor. God bless your Grace, we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this Royal Title,
Long live King *Richard*, *England's* worthy King.

All. Amen.

Buck. To-Morrow may it please you to be Crown'd.

Glo. E'en when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-Morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy Work again.
Farewel my Cousins, farewel gentle Friends. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter the Queen, Anne Dutchess of Gloucester, the Dutchess of York, and Marquess of Dorset.

Dutch. **W**HO meets us here?
My Niece *Plantagenet*,
Led in the Hand of her kind Aunt of *Glo'ster*?
Now, for my Life, she's wandring to the *Tower*,
On pure Heart's Love, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your Graces both a happy
And a joyful time of Day.

Queen. As much to you, good Sister; whither away?

Anne. No farther than the *Tower*, and as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as your selves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Queen. Kind Sister thanks, we'll enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Master-Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young Son of *York*?

Lieu. Right well, dear Madam; by your Patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them ;
The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Queen. The King ? who's that ?

Lieu. I mean the Lord Protector.

Queen. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Tide.
Hath he set bounds between their love, and me ?

I am their Mother, who shall bar me from them ?

Dutch. I am their Father's Mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in love their Mother :
Then bring me to their Sights, I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my Peril.

Lieu. No Madam, no, I may not leave it so :
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me. [*Exit Lieu.*]
Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you Ladies one hour hence,
And I'll salute your Grace of York as Mother,
And reverend looker on of two fair Queens.
Come Madam, you must straight to *Westminster*,
There to be Crowned *Richard's* Royal Queen.

Queen. Ah, cut my Lace asunder,
That my pent Heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing News.

Anne. Despightful tidings, O unpleasing News !

Dorset. Be of good Cheer ; Mother, how fares your Grace ?

Queen. O *Dorset*, speak not to me, get thee gone.
Death and Destruction dogs thee at thy Heels,
Thy Mother's Name is ominous to Children.
If thou wilt out-strip Death, go cross the Seas,
And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of Hell,
Go hye thee, hye thee from this Slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of *Margaret's* Curse,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor *England's* counted Queen.

Stan. Full of wise Care is this your Counsel, Madam ;
Take all the swift advantage of the Hours ;
You shall have Letters from me to my Son,
In your behalf, to meet you on the way :
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Dutch. O ill dispersing Wind of Misery,
O my accursed Womb, the Bed of Death :
A Cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the World,
Whose unavoided Eye is Murtherous.

Stan.

Stan. Come, Madam, come, I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.

O would to God, that the inclusive Verge
Of Golden Metal, that must round my Brow,
Were red-hot Steel, to sear me to the Brains.
Anointed let me be with deadly Venom,
And die ere Men can say, God save the Queen.

Queen. Go, go, poor Soul, I envy not thy Glory,
To feed my Humour with thy self no harm.

Anne. No! why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henry's* Coarse:
When scarce the Blood was well wash'd from his Hands,
Which issued from my other Angel Husband,
And that dear Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O when, I say, I look'd on *Richard's* Face,
This was my Wish; Be thou, quoth I, accurst,
For making me, so young, so old a Widow:
And when thou wed'st, let Sorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife, if any be so mad,
More miserable, by the Life of thee,
Than thou hast made me, by my dear Lord's Death.
Loe, ere I can repeat this Curse again,
Within so small a time, my Woman's Heart
Grossly grew captive to his Honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own Soul's Curse;
Which hitherto hath held mine Eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his Bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of Sleep,
But with his timorous Dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my Father *Warwick*,
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Queen. Poor Heart, adieu, I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my Soul I mourn for yours.

Dorset. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of Glory.

Anne. Adien, poor Soul, that tak'st thy leave of it.

Dutch. Go thou to *Richmond*, and good Fortune guide thee,

[To *Dorset*.

Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee, [To *Anne*.

Go thou to Sanctuary, and good Thoughts possess thee,

[To the *Queen*.

I to my Grave, where Peace and Rest lie with me.

Eighty odd Years of Sorrow have I seen,

And

And each Hour's joy wrack'd with a Week of anguish.

Queen. Stay, yet look back, with me, unto the Tower!
Pity, you ancient Stones, those tender Babes,
Whom Envy hath immur'd within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for such little pretty ones,
Rude ragged Nurse, old sullen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes; use my Babies well;
So foolish Sorrow bids your Stones farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter Gloucester as King, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliff and Lovel.

K. Rich. Stand all apart—Cousin of *Buckingham*—
Buck. My gracious Sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy Hand. Thus high by thy advice,
And thy assistance, is King *Richard* seated:
But shall we wear these Glories for a Day?
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last.

K. Rich. Ah *Buckingham*, now do I play the Touch,
To try if thou be current Gold indeed:

Young Edward lives---think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving Lord.

K. Rich. Why, *Buckingham*, I say I would be King.

Buck. Why so you are, my thrice renowned Lord.

K. Rich. Ha! am I King? 'tis so—but *Edward* lives.—

Buck. True, noble Prince.

K. Rich. O bitter Consequence!

That *Edward* still should live True noble Prince.

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plain? I wish the Bastards dead,

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your Grace may do your Pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy Kindness freezes:
Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear Lord,
Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve you herein presently. [Exit *Buckingham*.]

Catesb. The King is angry, see he gnaws his Lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with Iron-witted Fools,
And unrespective Boys; none are for me,

That

That look into me with considerate Eyes,
High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumspect.
Boy.

Page. My Lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt unto a close exploit of Death?

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty Spirit:
Gold were as good as twenty Orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his Name?

Page. His Name, my Lord, is *Tirrel*.

K. Rich. I partly know the Man; go call him hither,
Boy. [Exit]

The deep revolving witty *Buckingham*,
No more shall be the Neighbour to my Counsels.
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for Breath? Well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the News?

Stan. Know, my loving Lord, the Marquis *Dorset*,
As I hear, is fled to *Richmond*,
In the Parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, *Catesby*, rumor it abroad,
That *Anne* my Wife, is very grievous Sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean poor Gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to *Clarence*' Daughter:
The Boy is foolish, and I fear not him.
Look how thou dreamst—I say again, give out,
That *Anne* my Queen is sick, and like to die.
About it; for it stands me much upon
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.
I must be married to my Brother's Daughter,
Or else my Kingdom stands on brittle Glass:
Murder her Brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain. But I am in
So far in Blood, that Sin will pluck on Sin,
Tear-falling Pity dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy Name *Tirrel*?

Tir. James *Tirrel*, and your most obedient Subject.

K. Rich.

of RICHARD III.

K. Rich. Art thou indeed?

Tir. Prove me, my gracious Lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a Friend of mine?

Tir. Please you;

But I had rather kill two Enemies.

K. Rich. Why then thou hast it; two deep Enemies,
Foes to my Rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon;

Tirrel, I mean those Bastards in the Tower.

Tir. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet Musick:

Hark, come hither *Tirrel,*

Go by this token; rise, and lend thine Ear, [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so; say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tir. I will dispatch it straight.

[*Exit.*

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have considered in my mind,
That late Request that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest; *Dorset* is fled to *Richmond.*

Buck. I hear the News, my Lord.

K. Rich. *Stanley*, he is your Wife's Son; well, look unto it.

Buck. My Lord, I claim the Gift, my due by Promise,
For which your Honour and your Faith is pawn'd.
Th' Earldom of *Hereford* and the Moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. *Stanley*, look to your Wife; if she convey
Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your Highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me, *Henry* the Sixth
Did Prophesie, that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peevish Boy.
A King perhaps.

Buck. May it please you to resolve me in my Suit?

K. Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the Vein. [*Ex.*

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep Service
With such contempt? made I him King for this?
O let me think on *Hastings*, and be gone
To *Bretnock*, while my fearful Head is on.

[*Exit.*

Enter Tirrel.

Tir. The tyrannous and bloody Act is done,

The

The most Arch-deed of piteous Massacre
 That ever yet this Land was guilty of.
Dighton and *Forrest*, whom I did suborn
 To do this piece of ruthless Butchery,
 Albeit they were flesh Villains, bloody Dogs,
 Melted with Tenderness, and mild Compassion,
 Wept like to Children, in their deaths sad Story :
 O thus, quoth *Dighton*, lay the gentle Babes,
 Thus, thus, quoth *Forrest*, girdling one another
 Within their Alabaster innocent Arms :
 Their Lips were four red Roses on a Stalk,
 And in their Summer Beauty kiss'd each other.
 A Book of Prayers on their Pillow lay,
 Which once, quoth *Forrest*, almost chang'd my mind.
 But oh the Devil— there the Villain stopt :
 When *Dighton* thus told on, we smothered
 The most replenished sweet Work of Nature,
 That from the prime Creation e'er she framed.
 Hence both are gone with Conscience and Remorse,
 They could not speak, and so I left them both,
 To bear these Tidings to the bloody King.

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All health, my Sovereign Lord.

K. Rich. Kind *Tirrel*— am I happy in thy News?

Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
 Beget your happiness, be happy then,
 For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead ?

Tir. I did, my Lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle *Tirrel*?

Tir. The Chaplain of the *Tower* hath buried them,
 But where, to say the Truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, *Tirrel* soon, soon after Supper,
 When thou shalt tell the process of their Death.
 Mean time— but think how I may do thee good,
 And be Inheritor of thy desire,
 Farewel till then.

Tir. I humbly take my leave.

K. Rich. The Son of *Clarence* have I pent up close,
 His Daughter meanly have I match'd in Marriage,
 The Sons of *Edward* sleep in *Abraham's* Bosom,
 And *Anne* my Wife hath bid this World good Night.

Now.

Now, for I know the *Briton Richmond* aims
At young *Elizabeth* my Brother's Daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the Crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving Wooer.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord.

[bluntly ?

K. Rich. Good or bad News, that thou com'st in so

Rat. Bad News, my Lord, *Morton* is fled to *Richmond*;

And *Buckingham*, backt with the hardy *Welshmen*,

Is in the Field, and still his Power increaseth.

K. Rich. *Ely* with *Richmond* troubles me more near,
Than *Buckingham* and his rash levied Strength.

Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting

Is leaden Servitor to dull Delay,

Delay leads impotent and Snail-pac'd Beggary :

Then fiery Expedition be my Wing.

Jove's Mercury, and Herald for a King :

Go muster Men ; my Council is my Shield,

We must be brief, when Traitors brave the Field. [*Exe.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Queen. Mar. So now Prosperity begins to mellow ;

And drop into the rotten mouth of Death :

Here in these Confiners slyly have I lurkt,

To watch the waining of mine Enemies.

A dire Induction am I witness to,

And will to *France*, hoping the Consequence

Will prove as bitter, black and tragical.

Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes here ?

Enter Dutchess and Queen.

Queen. Ah my poor Princes ! ah my tender Babes !

My unblown Flowers, new appearing Sweets :

If yet your gentle Souls fly in the Air,

And be not fixt in doom perpetual,

Hover about me with your airy Wings,

And hear your Mother's Lamentation.

Q. Mar. Hover about her, say, that right for right
Hath dimm'd your infant Morn to aged Night.

Dutch. So many Miseries have craz'd my Voice,
That my woe-wearied Tongue is still and mute.

Edward

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ?

2. Mar. *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward* pays a dying Debt.

Queen. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle Lambs,
And throw them in the Intrails of the Wolf ?

Why didst thou sleep when such a Deed was done ?

2. Mar. When Holy *Henry* dy'd, and my sweet Son.

Dutch. Dead Life, blind Sight, poor mortal living Ghost,
Woes Scene, Worlds shame, Graves due, by Life usurpt,
Brief abstract and record of tedious Days,
Rest thy unrest on *England's* lawful Earth,
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent Blood.

Queen. Ah that thou wouldst as soon afford a Grave
As thou canst yield a melancholy Seat ;
Then would I hide my Bones, not rest them here.
Ah who hath any Cause to mourn but we ?

2. Mar. If ancient Sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of Signeury ;
And let my Grievs frown on the upper hand,
If Sorrow can admit Society.

I had an *Edward* 'till a *Richard* kill'd him :
I had a Husband 'till a *Richard* kill'd him :
'Thou hadst an *Edward* 'till a *Richard* kill'd him :
'Thou hadst a *Richard* 'till a *Richard* kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him :
I had a *Rutland* too, thou holp'st to kill him. [him.]

2. Mar. Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, and *Richard* kill'd
From forth the kennel of thy Womb hath crept
A Hell hound, that doth hunt us all to Death :
That Dog, that had his Teeth before his Eyes,
To worry Lambs, and lap their gentle Blood ;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work,
That reigns in gauled Eyes of weeping Souls :
That excellent grand Tyrant of the Earth.
Thy Womb let loose to chase us to our Graves.
O upright, just, and true disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal Cur
Preys on the Issue of his Mother's Body,
And makes her Pue fellow with others moan.

Dutch. Oh *Harry's* Wife, triumph not in my Woes :
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

2. Mar. Bear with me: I am hungry for revenge,

And

And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy *Edward*, he is dead that kill'd my *Edward*.

The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*:

Young *York*, he is but boot; because both they

Match'd not the high Perfection of my Loss.

Thy *Clarence* he is dead that stab'd my *Edward*:

And the Beholders of this frantick Play,

Th' adulterate *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,

Untimely smother'd in their dusky Graves.

Richard yet lives, Hell's black Intelligencer,

Only reserv'd their Factor to buy Souls,

And send them thither: But at hand, at hand

Insues his piteous and unpitied End.

Earth gapes, Hell burns, Fiends roar, Saints pray,

To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:

Cancel his Bond of Life, dear God, I pray,

That I may live and say, the Dog is dead.

Queen. O thou didst Prophesy the time would come,

That I should wish for thee to help me Curse

That bottel'd Spider, that foul bunch-back'd Toad.

Q. Ma. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my Fortune:

I call'd thee then, poor Shadow, painted Queen,

The Representation of but what I was;

The flattering Index of a direful Pageant,

One heav'd on high to be hurl'd down below:

A Mother only mock'd with two fair Babes;

A dream of what thou wast, a garish Flag

To be the aim of ev'ry dang'rous Shot;

A sign of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;

A Queen in Jest, only to fill the Scene.

Where is thy Husband now? where be thy Brothers?

Where be thy two Sons? wherein dost thou joy?

Who sues and kneels, and says, God save the Queen?

Where be the bending Peers that flatter'd thee?

Where be the thronging Troops that follow'd thee?

Decline all this, and see now what thou art,

For happy Wife, a most distressed Widow;

For joyful Mother, one that wails the Name;

For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;

For Queen, a very Caitiff crown'd with Care;

For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;

For she being fear'd of all, now fearing one;

For

For she commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of Justice whirl'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to Time,
 Having no more but thought of what thou wast,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my Place, and dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my Sorrow?
 Now thy proud Neck bears half my burthen'd Yoke,
 From which, ev'n here I slip my wearied Head,
 And leave the Burthen of it all on thee.
 Farewel *York's Wife*, and Queen of sad Mischance,
 These *English* Woes will make me smile in *France*.

Queen. O thou well-skill'd in Curses, stay a while,
 And teach me how to curse mine Enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the Night, and fast the Day:
 Compare dead Happiness with living Woe;
 Think that thy Babes were sweeter than they were,
 And he that slew them fouler than he is:
 Bet'ring thy loss makes the bad Causer worse,
 Revolving this, will teach thee how to curse.

Queen. My Words are dull, O quicken them with thine.

Q. Mar. Thy Woes will make them sharp,
 And pierce like mine. [Exit Margaret.]

Dutch. Why should Calamity be full of Words?

Queen. Windy Attorneys to their Clients Woes,
 Airy succeders of intestine Joys,
 Poor breathing Orators of Miseries.
 Let them have scope, tho' what they will impart
 Help nothing else, yet they do ease the Heart.

Dutch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd; go with me,
 And in the breath of bitter Words, let's smother
 My damned Son, that thy two sweet Sons smother'd.
 Trumpet sounds, be copious in Exclaims.

Enter King Richard and his Train.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?

Dutch. O she that might have intercepted thee,
 By strangling thee in her accursed Womb,
 From all the Slaughters, Wretch, that thou hast done.

Queen. Hidest thou that Forehead with a Golden Crown,
 Where should be branded, if that right were right,
 The Slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crown,
 And the dire Death of my poor Sons and Brothers.

Tell

Tell me, thou Villain-flave, where are my Children?

Dutch. Thou Toad, thou Toad,

Where is thy Brother *Clarence*?

And little *Ned Plantaganet* his Son?

Queen. Where is the gentle *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?

Dutch. Where is kind *Hastings*!

K. Rich. A flourish, Trumpets; strike Alarum, Drums:

Let not the Heav'ns hear these Tell-tale Women

Rail on the Lord's Anointed. Strike, I say.

[*Flourish Alarums.*]

Either be patient, and intreat me fair,

Or with the clamorous report of War

Thus will I drown your Exclamations.

Dutch. Art thou my Son?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my Father, and your self.

Dutch. Then patiently hear my Impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your Condition,

That cannot brook the accent of Reproof.

Dutch. O let me speak.

K. Rich. Do then, but I'll not hear.

Dutch. I will be mild and gentle in my Words.

K. Rich. And brief, good Mother, for I am in haste.

Dutch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in Torment and in Agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dutch. No, by the holy Rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on Earth to make the Earth my Hell.

A grievous burthen was thy Birth to me,

Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancy;

Thy School-days frightful, desperate, wild and furious,

Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold and venturous:

Thy Age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly and bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever grac'd me with thy Company?

K. Rich. Faith none but *Humphry Hower*,
That call'd your Grace

To breakfast once, forth of my Company.

If I be so disgracious in your Eye,

Let me march on and not offend you, Madam.

Strike up the Drum.

Dutch. I prithee hear me speak.

D

K. Rich.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Dutch. Hear me a Word,
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Dutch. Either thou wilt die by God's just Ordinance,
Ere from this War thou turn a Conqueror;
Or I with Grief and extream Age shall perish,
And never more behold thy Face again.

Therefore take with thee my most grievous Curse,
Which, in the Day of Battle, tire thee more,
Than all the compleat Armour that thou wear'st.

My Prayers on the adverse Party fight,
And there the little Souls of *Edward's* Children
Whisper the Spirits of thine Enemies,
And promise them Success and Victory.

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:

Shame serves thy Life, and doth thy Death attend. [*Exit.*

Queen. Tho' far more Cause yet much less Spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say Amen to her.

K. Rich. Stay, Madam, I must talk a Word with you.

Queen. I have no more Sons of the Royal Blood
For thee to slaughter; for my Daughters, *Richard*,
They shall be praying Nuns, not weeping Queens;
And therefore level not to hit their Lives.

K. Rich. You have a Daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
Virtuous and Fair, Royal and Gracious.

Queen. And must she die for this? O let her live,
And I'll corrupt her Manners, stain her Beauty,
Slander my self as false to *Edward's* Bed:

Throw over her the Vail of Infamy,
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding Slaughter,
I will confess she was not *Edward's* Daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her Birth, she is a Royal Princess.

Queen. To save her Life I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her Life is safest only in her Birth.

Queen. And only in that safety dy'd her Brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their Birth good Stars were opposite.

Queen. No, to their Lives ill Friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of Destiny.

Queen. True; when avoided Grace makes Destiny.
My Babes were destin'd to a fairer Death,
If Grace had blest thee with a fairer Life.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my Cousins?

Queen. Cousins indeed, and by their Uncle sozen'd,
Of Comfort, Kingdom, Kindred, Freedom, Life.

Whose Hands soever lanced their tender Hearts,
Thy Head, all Indirectly, gave Direction.

No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,
'Till it was whetted on thy Stone-hard Heart,

To revel in the Intrails of my Lambs.

But that still use of Grief makes wild Grief tame,

My Tongue should to thy Ears not name my Boys,

'Till that my Nails were anchor'd in thine Eyes;

And I in such a desp'rate Bay of Death,

Like a poor Bark of Sails and Tackling reft,

Rush all to pieces on thy Rocky Bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my Enterprize,

And dangerous success of bloody Wars,

As I intend more good to you and yours,

Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd.

Queen. What good is cover'd with the Face of Heav'n,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. Th' Advancement of your Children, gentle Lady.

Queen. Up to some Scaffold, there to lose their Heads.

K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of Fortune,
The high Imperial Type of this Earth's Glory.

Queen. Flatter my Sorrow with report of it;

Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honour

Canst thou devise to any Child of mine?

K. Rich. E'en all I have; ay, and my self and all,

Will I withal endow a Child of thine:

So in the *Lethe* of thy angry Soul

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those Wrongs,

Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindne's
Last longer telling, than thy kindness date.

K. Rich. Then know,

That from my Soul I love thy Daughter.

Queen. My Daughter's Mother thinks it with her Soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Queen. That thou dost love my Daughter from thy Soul.

So from t'ay Soul's Love didst thou love her Brothers,

And from my Heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning;

I mean that with my Soul I love thy Daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of *England*.

Queen. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her King?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her Queen;
Who else should be?

Queen. What, thou!

K. Rich. Even so; how think you of it?

Queen. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her Humour.

Queen. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my Heart.

Queen. Send to her, by the Man that slew her Brothers,
A pair of bleeding Hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and *York*, then haply will she weep:
Therefore present to her, as sometime *Margaret*
Did to thy Father, steeped in *Rutland's* Blood,
A Handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet Brothers Bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping Eyes withal,
If this Inducement move her not to Love,
Send her a Letter of thy Noble Deeds;
Tell her, thou madest away her Uncle *Clarence*,
Her Uncle *Rivers*; ay, and for her sake,
Madest quick Conveyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.

K. Rich. You mock me, Madam, this is not the way
To win your Daughter.

Queen. There is no other way,
Unless thou could'st put on some other Shape,
And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her.

Queen. Nay then indeed she cannot chuse but hate thee,
Having bought love with such a bloody Spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done, cannot be now amended;
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent of.
If I did take the Kingdom from your Sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your Daughter:
If I have kill'd the Issue of your Womb,
To quicken your increase I will beget
Mine Issue of your blood, upon your Daughter:
A Grandam's name is little less in love,

Than

Than is the doting Title of a Mother ;
 They are as Children but one step below ;
 Even of your Metal, of your very Blood :
 Of all one pain, save for a Night of Groans
 Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like Sorrow.
 Your Children were Vexation to your Youth,
 But mine shall be a Comfort to your Age.
 The loss you have is but a Son being King,
 And by that loss your Daughter is made Queen.
 I cannot make you what amends I would,
 Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your Son, that with a fearful Soul
 Leads discontented Steps in Foreign Soil,
 This fair Alliance quickly shall call home
 To high Promotions and great Dignity.
 The King that calls your beauteous Daughter Wife,
 Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset* Brother :
 Again shall you be Mother to a King ;
 And all the ruins of distressful Times,
 Repair'd with double Riches of Content.
 What? we have many goodly Days to see :
 The liquid drops of Tears that you have shed
 Shall come again, transform'd to Orient Pearl,
 Advantaging their Love with Interest,
 Oftentimes double gain of Happiness.
 Go then, my Mother, to thy Daughter, go,
 Make bold her bashful Years with your Experience,
 Prepare her Ears to hear a Wooer's Tale.
 Put in her tender Heart th' aspiring flame
 Of golden Sovereignty ; acquaint the Princess
 With the sweet silent hours of Marriage Joys ;
 And when this Arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty Rebel, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
 Bound with triumphant Garlands will I come,
 And lead thy Daughter to a Conqueror's Bed ;
 To whom I will retail my Conquest won,
 And she shall be sole Victress, *Cæsar's Cæsar*.

Queen. What were I best to say, her Father's Brother
 Would be her Lord ! or shall I say, her Uncle ?
 Or he that slew her Brothers ? and her Uncles ?
 Under what Title shall I woo for thee,
 That God, the Law, my Honour, and her Love,

Can make seem pleasing to her tender Years?

K. Rich. Infer fair *England's* Peace by this Alliance.

Queen. Which she shall purchase with still lasting War.

K. Rich. Tell her, the King, that may command, intreats.

Queen. That, at her Hands, which the King's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty Queen.

Queen. To vail the Title, as her Mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Queen. But how long shall that Title ever last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force, unto her fair life's end.

Queen. But how long, fairly, shall her sweet Life last?

K. Rich. As long as Heav'n and Nature lengthens it.

Queen. As long as Hell and *Richard* likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her Sovereign, am her Subject low.

Queen. But she, your Subject, loaths such Sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Queen. An honest Tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, plainly, to her tell my loving Tale.

Queen. Plain and not honest, is too harsh a Style.

K. Rich. Your Reasons are too shallow, and too quick.

Queen. O no, my Reasons are too deep and dead;

Two deep and dead, poor Infants in their Graves,

Harp on it still shall I, 'till Heart-strings break.

K. R. Harp not on that String, Madam, that is past,

Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crown —

Queen. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Queen. By nothing, for this is no Oath:

Thy George profan'd, hath lost his lordly Honour,

Thy Garter blemish'd, pawn'd his kingly Virtue,

Thy Crown usurp'd, disgrac'd his Kingly Glory:

If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Then by my self —

Queen. Thy self is self misus'd.

K. Rich. Now by the World —

Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul Wrongs.

K. Rich. My Father's Death —

Queen. Thy Life hath it dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by Heav'n —

Queen. Heav'n's Wrong is most of all:

If thou didst fear to break an Oath with him,

The

The Unity the King my Husband made
Thou hadst not broken, nor my Brothers dy'd.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an Oath by him,
Th' imperial Metal, circling now thy Head,
Had grac'd the tender Temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had been breathing here,
Which now two tender Bed-fellows for dust,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Worms.
What canst thou swear by now ?

K. Rich. The Time to come.

Queen. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast:
For I my self have many Tears to wash
Hereafter Time. for time-past, wrong'd by thee.
The Children live, whose Fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd Youth, to wail it with their Age.
The Parents live, whose Children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to wail it with their Age.
Swear not by Time to come, for that thou hast
Misus'd ere us'd, by Times ill-us'd o'erpast.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent ;
So thrive I in my dangerous Affairs
Of hostile Arms ; My self, my self confound,
Heaven and Fortune bar me happy Hours,
Day yield me not thy Light, nor Night thy Rest,
Be opposite all Planets of good Luck
To my proceeding, if with dear Heart's Love,
Immaculate Devotion, holy Thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous Princely Daughter.
In her consists my Happiness and thine ;
Without her, follows to my self and thee,
Her self, the Land, and many a Christian Soul,
Death, Desolation, Ruin, and Decay :
It cannot be avoided, but by this ;
It will not be avoided, but by this :
Therefore, dear Mother, I must call you so,
Be the Attorney of my Love to her ;
Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;
Not my Desires, but what I will deserve :
Urge the necessity and state of Times ;
And be not peevish found in great Designs.

Queen. Shall I be tempted of the Devil thus ?

K. Rich. Ay, if the Devil tempt you to do good,

Queen. Shall I forget my self to be my self?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong your self.

Queen. Yet thou didst kill my Children.

K. Rich. But in your Daughter's Womb I bury them;
Where in that Nest of Spicery they will breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Queen. Shall I go win my Daughter to thy Will?

K. Rich. And be a happy Mother by the Dead.

Queen. I go, write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind. [*Exit Queen.*]

K. Rich. Bear her my true Love's kifs, and so farewell—
Relenting Fool, and shallow-changing Woman.
How now, what News?

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. Most mighty Sovereign, on the Western Coast
Rides a puissant Navy: To our Shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted Friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admiral:
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore. [*Norfolk.*]

K. Rich. Some light-foot Friend post to the Duke of
Ratcliff, thy self, or *Catesby*; where is he?

Cates. Here, my good Lord.

K. Rich. *Catesby*, fly to the Duke.

Cates. I will, my Lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. *Ratcliff*, come hither, post to *Salisbury*,
When thou comest thither—— Dull unmindful Villain,
[*To Catesby.*]

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

Cates. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highness plea—
What from your Grace I shall deliver to him. [sure,

K. Rich. O true, good *Catesby*——bid him levy straight
The greatest Strength and Power that he can make,
And meet me suddenly at *Salisbury*.

Cates. I go.

[*Exit.*]

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at *Salisbury*?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?

Rat. Your Highness told me I should post before.

K. Rich. My Mind is chang'd——

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what News with you?

Stan.

Stan. None, good my Liege, to please you with the hear-
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported. [ing,

K. Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad :
What need'st thou run so many Miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy Tale the nearest way ?
Once more, what News ?

Stan. *Richmond* is on the Seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the Seas on him,
White-liver'd Run-a gate, what doth he there ?

Stan. I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess.

Stan. Stirr'd up by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
He makes for *England*, here to claim the Crown.

K. Rich. Is the Chair empty ? is the Sword unsway'd ?
Is the King dead ? the Empire unpossess'd ?

What Heir of *York* is there alive, but we ?

And who is *England's* King but great *York's* Heir ?

Then tell me, what makes he upon the Seas ?

Stan. Unless for that, my Liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the *Welsh-man* comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy Power then to beat him back ?

Where be thy Tenants, and thy Followers ?

Are they not now upon the Western Shore,

Safe conducting the Rebels from their Ships ?

Stan. No, my good Lord, my Friends are in the North.

K. Rich. Cold Friends to me : what do they in the North,
When they should serve their Sovereign in the West ?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King ;
Pleaseth your Majesty to give me leave,

I'll muster up my Friends, and meet your Grace,

Where, and what time your Majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, thou would'st be gone, to join with *Rich-*
But I'll not trust thee. [mond :

Stan. Most mighty Sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my Friendship doubtful,
I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Go then, and muster Men ; but leave behind
Your Son *George Stanley* : Look your Heart be firm,
Or else his Head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[*Exit Stanley.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Sovereign, now in *Devonshire*,
As I by Friends am well advertised,
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughty Prelate,
Bishop of *Exeter*, his elder Brother
With many more Confederates are in Arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. In *Kent*, my Liege, the *Guildfords* are in Arms,
And every hour Competitors
Flock to the Rebels, and their Power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the Army of great *Buckingham* —

K. Rich. Out on ye, Owls, nothing but Songs of Death.

[*He strikes him.*]

There take thou that, 'till thou bring better News.

Mes. The News I have to tell your Majesty,
Is, that by sudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckingham's Army is dispers'd and scatter'd,
And he himself wandred away alone,
No Man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee Mercy;
There is my Purse, to cure that Blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised Friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the Traitor in?

Mes. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir *Thomas Lovel*, and Lord *Marquess Dorset*,
'Tis said, my Liege, in *Yorkshire* are in Arms;
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness,
The *Britain* Navy is dispers'd by Tempest.
Richmond in *Dorsetshire* sent out a Boat
Unto the Shore, to ask those on the Banks,
If they were his Assistants, yea or no?
Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*
Upon his Party; he mistrusting them,
Hoist'd Sail, and made his Course again for *Britain*.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in Arms,
If not to fight with Foreign Enemies,
Yet to beat down these Rebels here at Home.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken.

That is the best News; that the Earl of *Richmond*
Is with a mighty Power landed at *Milford*,
Is colder News, but yet it must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards *Salisbury*; while we reason here,
A Royal Battle might be won and lost:
Some one take order that *Buckingham* be brought
To *Salisbury*, the rest march on with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Derby, and Sir Christopher.

Derby. Sir *Christopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the Sty of the most deadly Boar,
My Son *George Stanley* is frankt up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young *George's* Head,
The fear of that holds off my present Aid.
So get thee gone; commend me to thy Lord.
Withal say, that the Queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse *Elizabeth* her Daughter.
But tell me, where is Princely *Richmond* now?

Chris. At *Pembroke*, or at *Hertford* West in *Wales*.

Derby. What Men of Name resort to him?

Chris. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned Soldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, Sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembroke*, Sir *James Blunt*
And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great Name and Worth:
And towards *London* do they bend their Power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Derby. Well, hie thee to thy Lord: I kiss his Hand,
My Letter will resolve him of my Mind.
Farewell. [Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham with Halberds
led to Execution.*

Buck. WILL not King *Richard* let me speak with him?
Sher. No, good my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's Children, Gray and Holy King Henry, and thy fair Son Edward, [Rivers, Vaughan, and all that have miscarried By under hand corrupted foul Injustice! If that your moody discontented Souls, Do through the Clouds behold this present hour, Even for revenge mock my Destruction. This is All-Souls Day, Fellow, is it not?

Sher. It is.

Buck. Why then All-Souls Day is my Body's Doom/day. This is the Day, which in King Edward's time I wisht might fall on me, when I was found False to his Children, and his Wife's Allies. This, is the Day wherein I wisht to fall By the false Faith of him whom most I trusted. This, this All Souls Day to my fearful Soul, Is the determin'd respite of my Wrongs: That high All feer, which I dallied with, Hath turn'd my feigned Prayer on my Head, And given in earnest, what I begg'd in jest. Thus doth he force the Swords of wicked Men To turn their own points in their Masters Bosoms. Thus Margaret's Curse falls heavy on my Neck: When he, quoth she, will split thy Heart with Sorrow, Remember Margaret was a Prophetess: Come lead me, Officers, to the Block of Shame, Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.]

SCENE II.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with Drum and Colours.

Richm. Fellows in Arms, and my most loving Friends, Bruis'd underneath the Yoke of Tyranny, Thus far into the Bowels of the Land, Have we marcht on without Impediment; And here receive we from our Father Stanley, Lines of fair Comfort and Encouragement: The wretched, bloody, and usurping Boar, That spoil'd our Summer-Fields and fruitful Vines, Swills your warm Blood like Wash, and makes his Trough
In

In your embowell'd Bosoms; This foul Swine
Lies now e'en in the Center of this Isle,
Near to the Town of *Leicester*, as we learn:
From *Tamworth* thither, is but one Day's march.
In God's Name cheerly on, courageous Friends,
To reap the Harvest of perpetual Peace,
By this one bloody trial of sharp War.

Ox. Every Man's Conscience is a thousand Men,
To fight against this guilty Homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his Friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no Friends, but what are Friends for fear;
Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage, then in God's Name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with Swallow's Wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner Creatures Kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter King Richard in Arms, with Norfolk, Ratcliff, and
the Earl of Surrey.

K. Rich. Here pitch our Tent, even here in *Bosworth-field*,
My Lord of *Surrey*, why look you so sad?

Sur. My Heart is ten times lighter than my Looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of *Norfolk*.

Nor. Here, most gracious Liege.

K. Rich. *Norfolk*, we must have knocks:

Ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving Lord.

K. Rich. Up with my Tent, here will I lie to Night;
But where to Morrow?—well all's one for that,
Who hath defery'd the number of the Traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost Power.

K. Rich. Why our Battalia trebles that account:
Besides, the King's Name is a Tower of Strength,
Which they upon the adverse Faction want.

Up with the Tent: Come, Noble Gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the Ground.

Call for some Men of sound Direction:

Let's lack no Discipline, make no delay,

For Lords, to Morrow is a busy Day.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and
Dorset.

Richm. The weary Sun hath made a Golden set,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Car,

Give

Gives token of a goodly Day to Morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my Standard:
 Give me some Ink and Paper in my Tent;
 I'll draw the Form and Model of our Battle,
 Limit each Leader to his several Charge,
 And part in just proportion our small Power.
 My Lord of *Oxford*, you *Sir William Brandon*,
 And you *Sir William Herbert* stay with me;
 The Earl of *Pembroke* keeps his Regiment;
 Good Captain *Blunt*, bear my good Night to him,
 And by the second hour in the Morning,
 Desire the Earl to see me in my Tent.
 Yet one thing more, good Captain, do for me:
 Where is Lord *Stanley* quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his Colours much;
 (Which well I am assur'd I have not done)
 His Regiment lies, half a Mile at least,
 South from the mighty Power of the King.

Richm. If without Peril it be possible,
 Sweet *Blunt*, make some good means to speak with him,
 And give him from me this most needful Note.

Blunt. Upon my self, my Lord, I'll undertake it.
 And so God give you quiet rest to Night.

Richm. Good Night, good Captain *Blunt*.
 Come, Gentlemen,
 Let us consult upon to Morrow's Business;
 Into my Tent, the Dew is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the Tent.*]

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk and Catesby.

K. Rich. What is't a Clock?

Catesby. It's Supper time, my Lord, it's nine a Clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to Night,

Give me some Ink and Paper:

What, is my Beaver easier than it was?

And all my Armour laid into my Tent?

Catesby. It is, my Liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good *Norfolk*, hie thee to thy Charge,
 Use careful Watch, choose trusty Centinels.

Nor. I go, my Lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the Lark to-Morrow, gentle *Norfolk*.

Nor. I warrant you, my Lord.

[*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Ratcliff.

Rat.

Rat. My Lord.

K. Rich. Send out a Pursuivant at Arms
To *Stanley's* Regiment; bid him bring his Power
Before Sun-rising, lest his Son *George* fall
Into the blind Cave of eternal Night.
Fill me a Bowl of Wine; give me a Watch:
Saddle white *Surrey* for the Field to-Morrow:
Look that my Staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff —

Rat. My Lord?

[*Land?*]

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord *Northumber-*

Kat. Thomas Earl of *Surrey*, and himself,
Much about Cock-shut time, from Troop to Troop
Went through the Army, cheering up the Soldiers.

K. Rich. So — I am satisfy'd; give me a Bowl of Wine.
I have not that alacrity of Spirit,
Nor cheer of Mind that I was wont to have.
Set it down. Is Ink and Paper ready?

Rat. It is, my Lord.

K. Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leave me;
Ratcliff, about the mid of Night come to my Tent,
And help to Arm me. Leave me, I say. [*Exit Ratcliff*,

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent:

Derby. Fortune and Victory sit on thy Helm.

Rich. All comfort that the dark Night can afford,
Be to thy Person, noble Father-in-Law,
Tell me, how fares our noble Mother?

Derby. I, by Attorney, blest thee from thy Mother,
Who prays continually for *Richmond's* good:
So much for that. The silent Hours steal on,
And flaky Darknefs breaks within the East.
In brief, for so the Season bids us be,
Prepare thy Battle early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to th' Arbitrement
Of bloody Strokes, and mortal staring Wars:
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of Arms.
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest being seen thy Brother, tender *George*,
Be executed in his Father's Sight.
Farewel; the leisure, and the fearful time.

Cato

Cuts off the ceremonious Vows of Love,
And ample interchange of sweet Discourse,
Which to long sundred Friends should dwell upon :
God give us leisure for these rites of Love.
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and speed well.

Richm. Good Lords, conduct him to his Regiment:
I'll strive, with troubled Noise, to take a Nap,
Lest leaden slumber poize me down to Morrow,
When I should mount with Wings of Victory:
Once more, good Night, kind Lords and Gentlemen.

[*Exeunt. Manet Richmond.*]

O thou, whose Captain I account my self,
Look on my Forces with a gracious Eye:
Put in their Hands thy bruising Irons of wrath,
That they may crush down, with a heavy fall,
Th' usurping Helmets of our Adversaries.
Make us thy Ministers of Chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy Victory :
To thee I do commend my watchful Soul,
Ere I let fall the Windows of mine Eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me still.

[*Sleeps.*]

Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Son to Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy Soul to morrow:

[*To K. Rich.*]

Think how thou stabb'dst me in the prime of Youth
At Tewksbury; despair therefore, and die.
Be cheerful, *Richmond*, for the wronged Souls [*To Richm.*]
Of butcher'd Princes fight in thy behalf:
King *Henry's* issue, *Richmond*, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed Body

[*To K. Rich.*]

By thee was punched full of holes;
Think on the *Tower*, and me; despair, and die.
Henry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die.
Virtuous and holy, be thou Conqueror. [*To Richm.*]
Harry, that prophesied thou should'st be King,
Doth comfort thee in sleep; live thou and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy Soul to morrow;

[*To K. Rich.*]

I that was wash'd to death in sulsom Wine,

Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the Battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless Sword; despair and die.
Thou Offspring of the House of Lancaster, [To Richm.
The wronged Heirs of York do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy Battle, live and flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray and Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy Soul to morrow.

[To K. Rich.

Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret: Despair, and die.

Gray. Think upon Gray, and let thy Soul despair.

[To K. Rich.]

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear

[To K. Rich.]

Let fall thy Launce! despair and die.

All. Awake,

[To Rich.

And think our wrongs in Richard's Bosom

Will conquer. Awake, and win the Day.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty; guilty, awake; [To K. Rich.

And in a bloody Battle end thy Days,

Think on Lord Hastings; despair and die.

Quiet untroubled Soul, awake, awake.

[To Richm.

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. Dream on thy Cousins smother'd in the Tower:

[To K. Rich.]

Let us be laid within thy Bosom, Richard,

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death.

Thy Nephews Souls bid thee despair and die,

Sleep Richmond, sleep in Peace, and wake in Joy.

[To Rich.]

Good Angels guard thee from the Boar's annoy,

Live, and beget a happy race of Kings.

Edward's unhappy Sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne his Wife.

Ghost. Richard, thy Wife, that wretched Anne, thy Wife,

That never slept a quiet Hour with thee, [To K. Rich.

Now fills thy Sleep with perturbations:

To morrow in the Battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless Sword; despair and die.

Thy quiet Soul, sleep thou a quiet Sleep: [To Richm.]

Dream

Dream of Success, and happy Victory.
Thy Adversaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the Crown:
[To K. Rich.

The last was I, that felt thy Tyranny.

O, in the Battle think on *Buckingham*.

And die in terror of thy Guiltiness.

Dream on, dream on, of bloody Deeds and Death,

Fainting despair; despairing yield thy breath.

I dy'd for hope, ere I could lend thee aid; [To Rich.

But cheer thy Heart, and be thou not dismay'd:

God and good Angels fight on *Richmond's* side,

And *Richard* fall in height of all his Pride. [*The Ghosts vanish.*

[*K. Richard starts out of his Dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another Horse, bind up my Wounds:

Have mercy, *Jesu*—Soft, I did but dream.

O coward Conscience! how dost thou afflict me?

The Lights burn blue—Is it not dead Mid-night?—

Cold fearful Drops stand on my trembling Flesh:

What? do I fear my self? There's none else by,

Richard loves *Richard*, that is, I am I:

Is there a Murtherer here? No; Yes, I am:

Then fly—what from my self? Great reason; why?

Left I revenge. What? my self upon my self?

Alack, I love my self. Wherefore? For any good

That I my self have done unto my self?

O no. Alas, I rather hate my self,

For hateful Deeds committed by my self.

I am a Villain; yet I lie, I am not.

Fool, of thy self speak well—Fool, do not flatter.

My Conscience hath a thousand several Tongues,

And every Tongue brings in a several Tale,

And every Tale condemns me for a Villain;

Perjury, in the high'st degree,

Murder, stern Murder, in the dir'st degree,

All several Sins, all us'd in each degree,

Throng all to th' Bar, crying all, Guilty, guilty.

I shall despair, there is no Creature loves me.

And if I die, no Soul shall pity me.

Nay, wherefore should they? since that I my self

Find in my self no pity to my self.

Methought,

Methought, the Souls of all that I had murther'd
Came to my Tent, and every one did threat
To morrow's Vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. My Lord.

K. Rich. Who's there?

Rat. *Ratcliff*, my Lord, 'tis I; the early Village Cock
Hath twice done Salutation to the Morn;
Your Friends are up, and buckle on their Armour.

K. Rich. O *Ratcliff*, I fear, I fear ———

Rat. Nay, good my Lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the Apostle *Paul*, Shadows to night
Have struck more terroure to the Soul of *Richard*,
Than can the substance of ten thousand Soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow *Richmond*.

'Tis not yet near Day. Come, go with me,
Under our Tents; I'll play the Eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt K. Richard and Ratcliff.*]

Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting in his Tent.

Lords. Good morrow, *Richmond*.

Richm. Cry you mercy, Lords, and watchful Gentle-
men,

That you have ta'en a tardy Sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my Lord?

Richm. The sweetest Sleep, and fairest boading Dreams,
That ever entred in a drowsy Head,
Have I since your departure had my Lords.
Methought your Souls, whose Bodies *Richard* murther'd,
Came to my Tent, and cried out Victory.

I promise you my Heart is very jocund,
In the remembrance of so fair a Dream.
How far into the Morning is it, Lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four,

Richm. Why then 'tis time to Arm, and give direction.
More than I have said, loving Countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon; yet remember this,
God, and our good Cause, fight upon our side,
The Prayers of holy Saints, and wronged Souls,
Like high rear'd Bulwarks, stand before our Faces.
Richard except, those whom we fight against,

Had

Had rather have us win, than him they follow,
 For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
 A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide:
 One rais'd in Blood, and one in Blood establish'd;
 One that made means to come by what he hath,
 And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
 A base foul Stone, made precious by the foil
 Of *England's* Chair, where he is falsely set.
 One that hath ever been God's Enemy;
 Then if you fight against God's Enemy,
 God will in justice ward you as his Soldiers.
 If you do swear to put a Tyrant down,
 You sleep in Peace, the Tyrant being slain:
 If you do fight against your Countries Foes,
 Your Countries Fat shall pay your pains the hire.
 If you do fight in safeguard of your Wives,
 Your Wives shall welcome home the Conquerors.
 If you do free your Children from the Sword,
 Your Childrens Children quit it in your Age.
 Then in the Name of God and all these rights,
 Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt,
 Shall be this cold Corps on the Earth's cold face.
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound Drums and Trumpets boldly, and chearfully,
 God, and Saint George, *Richmond*, and Victory!

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, and Catesby.

K. Rich. What said *Northumberland*, as touching *Richmond*?

Rat. That he was never trained up in Arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth; and what said *Surrey* then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was in the right, and so indeed it is.

Tell the Clock there.

[Clock strikes.]

Give me a Kalendar — who saw the Sun to Day?

Rat. Not I, my Lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the Book,
 He should have brav'd the East an Hour ago —

A black Day it will be to some body, *Ratcliff*.

Rat. My Lord.

K. Rich. The Sun will not be seen to day;

The

The Sky doth frown and lowre upon our Army —
I would these dewy Tears were from the Ground —
Not shine to day? why what is that to me
More than to *Richmond*? for the self-same Heav'n
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my Lord, the Foe vaunts in the Field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle— Caparison my Horse.
Call up Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his Power,
I will lead forth my Soldiers to the Plain,
And thus my Battle shall be ordered,
My Foreward shall be drawn in length,
Consisting equally of Horse and Foot:
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst;
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the Foot and Horse.
They thus directed, we will follow
In the main Battle, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chieftest Horse:
This, and *St. George* to boot, What think'st thou, *Norfolk*?

Nor. A good Direction, warlike Sovereign.

This found I on my Tent this Morning. [*Giving a Scroll.*]

Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold,

[*Reads.*]

For Dickon thy Master is bought and sold.

K. Rich. A thing devised by the Enemy.
Go Gentlemen, every Man to his Charge,
Let not our babling Dreams affright our Souls,
For Conscience is a Word that Cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe,
Our strong Arms be our Conscience, Swords our Law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell mell,
If not to Heav'n, then hand in hand to Hell.
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal,
A sort of Vagabonds, Rascals, Run-aways,
A scum of *Britons*, and base Lackey-Peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed Country vomits forth
To desperate Adventures, and assur'd Destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest:
You having Lands, and blest with beauteous Wives,

They

They would restrain the one, distain the other.
 And who doth lead them, but a paltry Fellow?
 Long kept in *Britain* at our Mother's Cost,
 A milk-sop, one that never in his Life
 Felt so much Cold, as' over Shooes in Snow.
 Let's whip these Stragglers o'er the Seas again,
 Lash hence these over-weening Rags of *France*,
 These famish'd Beggars, weary of their Lives,
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond Exploit,
 For want of means, poor Rats, had hang'd themselves.
 If we be conquer'd, let Men conquer us,
 And not those Bastard-Britons whom our Fathers
 Have in their own Land beaten, bobb'd and thump'd,
 And on Record, left them the Heirs of Shame.
 Shall these enjoy our Lands? lie with our Wives?
 Ravish our Daughters? [Drum afar off.
 Hark, I hear their Drum,
 Right Gentlemen of *England*, fight boldly, Yeomen,
 Draw, Archers, draw your Arrows to the Head.
 Spur your proud Horses hard, and ride in Blood,
 Amaze the Welkin with your broken Staves.

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his Power?

Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his Son *George's* Head.

Nor. My Lord the Enemy is past the Marsh;
 After the Battle let *George Stanley* die.

K. Rich. A thousand Hearts are great within my Bosom.
 Advance our Standards, set upon our Foes,
 Our ancient word of Courage, fair *St. George*,
 Inspire us with the Spleen of fiery Dragons:
 Upon them, Victory sits on our Helms. [Exeunt.

Alarum, Excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cates. Rescue, my Lord of *Norfolk*, Rescue, Rescue:
 The King enacts more Wonders than a Man,
 Daring an Opposite to every Danger:
 His Horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
 Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of Death:
 Rescue, fair Lord, or else the Day is lost.

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

Cates. Withdraw, my Lord, I'll help you to a Horse.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my Life upon a cast.
And I will stand the hazard of the Die:
I think there be fix *Richmonds* in the Field,
Five have I slain to Day, instead of him.
A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdom for a Horse.

*Alarums. Enter King Richard and Richmond, they fight,
Richard is slain.*

*Retreat, and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing
the Crown, with divers other Lords.*

Richm. God and our Arms be prais'd, Victorious Friends;
The Day is ours, the bloody D. g is dead.

Derby. Courageous *Richmond*, well hast thou acquit thee:
Lo, here these long usurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
Have I pluckt off, to grace thy Brows withal,
Wear it, and make use of it.

Rich. Great God of Heaven, say Amen to all.
But tell me, is young *George Stanley* living?

Derby. He is, my Lord, and safe in *Leicester Town*;
Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

Richm. What Men of Note are slain on either Side?

Derby. *John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferris,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.*

Richm. Inter their Bodies as becomes their Births,
Proclaim a Pardon to the Soldiers fled,
That in Submission will return to us:

And then, as we have ta'en the Sacrament,
We will unite the White Rose, and the Red.

Smile Heav'n upon this fair Conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their Enmity:

What Traitor hears me, and says not Amen?

England hath long been mad, and fear'd her self;

The Brother blindly shed the Brother's Blood;

The Father rashly slaughter'd his own Son;

The Sons, compell'd, been Butchers to the Sire:

All this divided *York* and *Lancaster*,

Divided, in their dire Division.

O now let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,

The true Succeeders of each Royal House,

By God's fair Ordinance, conjoin together:

And let their Heirs, God, if thy Will be so,

Enrich

96 *The Life and Death, &c.*

Enrich the time to come, with smooth-fac'd Peace,
 With smiling Plenty, and fair prosperous Days.
 Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
 That would reduce these bloody Days again,
 And make poor *England* weep in streams of Blood.
 Let them not live to taste this Land's increase,
 That would with Treason wound this fair Land's Peace.
 Now Civil Wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives again;
 That she may long live here, God say, Amen. [Exeunt,

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